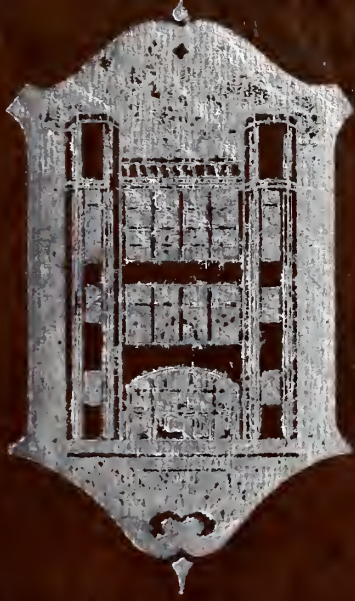




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The
PENNANT





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1923



Edited by Class of 1923
Heights Senior High School, Houston, Texas



ore word..



It has been our sincere aim to give a true representation of the mingled sense and nonsense of the school year of 1923, and to characterize as best we can the spirit of Heights Senior High School. C] If the perusal of these pages in future years recalls to your memory happy experiences and dear old days, our purpose will have been accomplished.

— The Pennant Staff

DEDICATION



*The Class of 1923
affectionately dedicate this volume of
THE PENNANT*

*to
Miss George Marshall Dukes
as a mark of appreciation for the
unfailing goodwill and friendship
which she has always shown each
member*

J.M.P.

THE



③



④



⑤



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⑦



⑧

①

STAFF

②

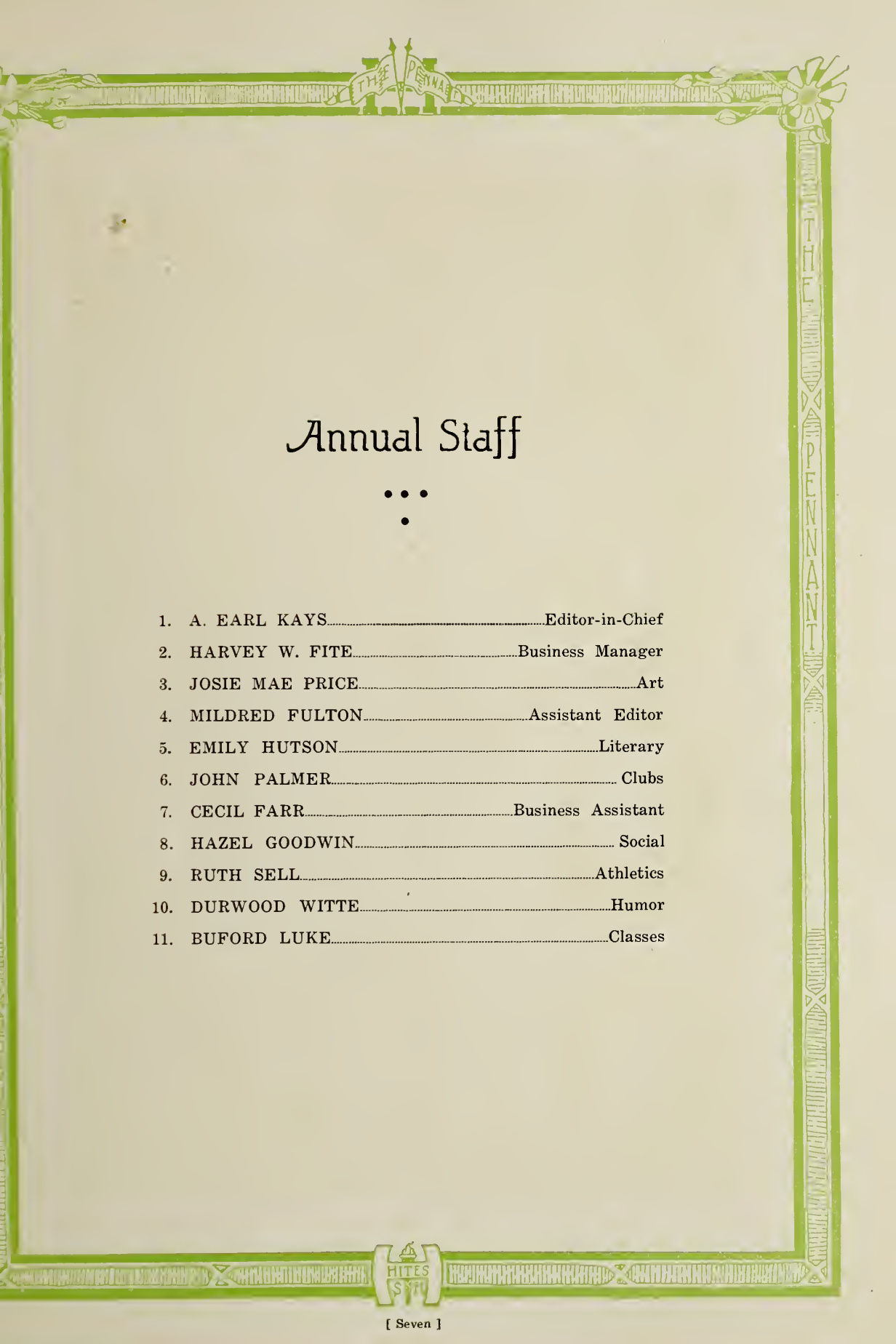


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JEN PRICE



Annual Staff



- | | | |
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| 10. | DURWOOD WITTE..... | Humor |
| 11. | BUFORD LUKE..... | Classes |





Book I — Our Schools

Book II — Classes

Book III — Activities

1. Social
2. Theatrical
3. Clubs

Book IV — Literary

Book V — Athletics

Book VI — Humor

OUR SCHOOL



UOSI MAE PRICE

BOOK I



lets have a Marathon Race



Look pleasant



The Misses
Dukes.



Aw Gwan



Ze Artiste



A view of the best
School in the world



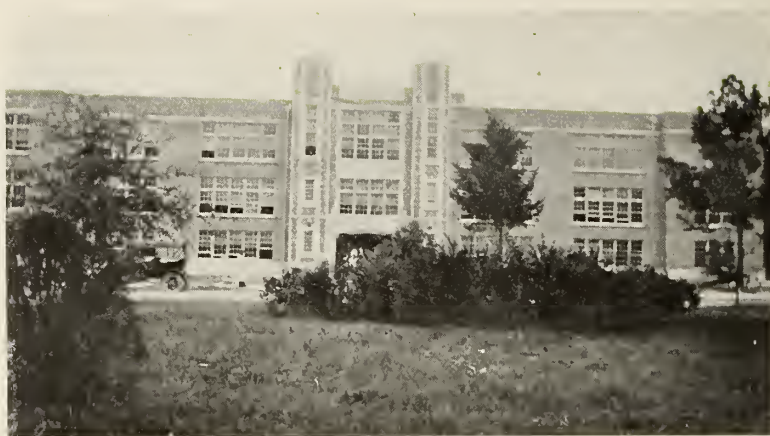
Sweets to the
Sweet — ???



The L.A.L.L. Club



Studios



Senior Class of '23

By A. Earl Kays

....

Just a little study, in the wee, wee hours of morn,
Makes the greatest scholars, Heights has ever known.
Just a little boosting, here and everywhere,
Makes the public notice, that Heights is on the square.

Just a little practice, on the athletic field,
Makes our teams victorious, for they never yield.
Just a little cheering, from those that say you must,
Makes the team fight harder, and determined, "Win or Bust."

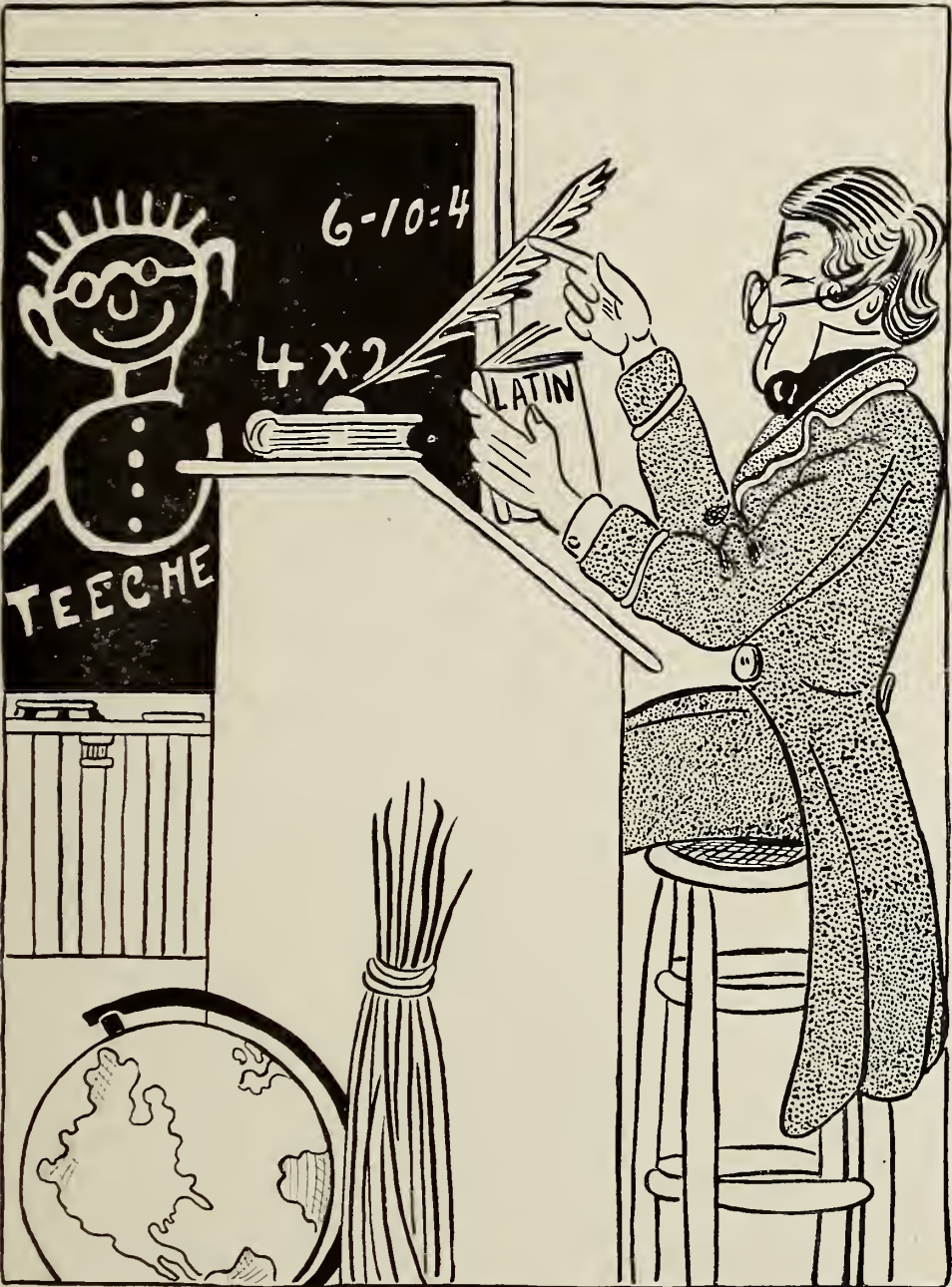
Just co-operation, with our teachers day by day,
Makes our school days happier, and this makes me say,
Just a bit of love, that is all they ask.
Love will make them say how much they love our class!

▼ ▼

Each room should be made as attractive as possible. Pictures, statuary, and window-boxes add greatly to the beauty of a room. Window-boxes that are filled with hardy flowers require little attention, and they create a very pretty surrounding. Pictures and statuary could be bought with fines paid by all students who are tardy without a reasonable excuse. Each graduating class should contribute something to the school to show its appreciation for the help that it has received.

"Memories of Two Wars".....	R. A. Sell
"Justice to All".....	E. R. Dukes
"I Go A-Fishing".....	Jim Dain
"Shuttle"	Mrs. Kelly
"Woman in White".....	Florence Towles
"Inspector General".....	S. P. Waltrip
"Friends of France".....	Madame Chollier
"The Lovable Meddler".....	Mrs. Niissle
"With Those Who Wait".....	Belle Williamson
"Business of Being a Friend".....	Louise Moore
"Mind and Work".....	Sammye Tittle
"Little Women".....	Mrs. Niissle
"Twice Told Tales".....	R. A. Sell
"Spreading the News".....	Zulieka Ware
"Innocents Abroad".....	Helen Roney
"Joyful Heart".....	Louise Carleton
"Friendship"	Mrs. Creekmore
"My Lady's Dress".....	G. M. Dukes
"Little Stories of Courtship".....	Mrs. Walton
"Miss Billy".....	Willie Bryant
"Friends of Caesar".....	Vera Harris
"Her Father's Daughter".....	Nellie Ferguson
"A Pair of Blue Eyes".....	Rosalie Hemphill Dain
"Jack of All Trades".....	Stewart Boyle
"Marmion"	"Jay" (J. B.)
"Sentimental Tommy".....	Thomas Tweedy
"Women Wanted".....	Jim Weatherford

FACULTY



JOSIE M. PRICE '23



S. P. WALTRIP

Faculty

Creekmore, Byrd W.....	Dean	Mercado, Mr. J. J. Jr.....	Spanish
Chollier, Mrs. Blanche.....	French	McLeod, Mrs. G. W.....	Commercial
Carleton, Miss Louise.....	English	Niissle, Mrs. C. J.....	History
Briant, Miss Willie.....	Mathematics	Phelps, Miss Daisy.....	English
Dawson, Miss Edna Merle.....	Music	Roy, Miss Addie.....	Geometry
Dukes, Miss Elizabeth.....	English	Roney, Miss Helen.....	Spanish
Dukes, Miss Marshall.....	Science	Stafford, Miss Helen.....	Home Nursing
Dain, Mr. J. W.....	Athletic Director	Studebaker, Mr. N. E.....	Mechanical Drawing
Dain, Mrs. J. W.....	English	Sell, Mr. R. A.....	Science
Ferguson, Miss Nellie.....	Mathematics	Towles, Miss Florence.....	Domestic Science
Ferguson, Miss Maud.....	Secretary	Tittle, Miss Sammie.....	Mathematics
Harris, Miss Vera.....	Latin	Williamson, Miss Belle.....	History
Kerbow, Mrs. R. P.....	Supernumerary	Ware, Miss Zuleika.....	History
Kelly, Mrs. Lois R.....	Domestic Art	Walton, Mrs. Elrod.....	Latin
Looney, Mrs.....	Commercial	Waltrip, Mr. S. P.....	Principal
Moore, Miss Louise.....	History	Yarrington, Mr. R. M.....	Auto Mechanic



THE PENNANT



MISS M. FERGUSON



MISS M. FERGUSON



MISS RONEY



MR. STUDEBAKER



MISS CARLETON



MR. MERCADER



MISS BRIANT



MRS. KELLEY



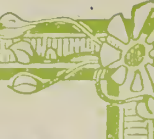
MISS MOORE



MISS PHELPS

J.M.P.





MRS. CREEKMORE

MISS E. DUKES

MISS STAFFORD

MISS DAWSON

MR. DAIN

MR. SELL

MISS ROY

MISS WILLIAMSON

MRS. NISSELE

MRS. WALTON

J.M.F.



To the Graduating Class of 1923



Figuratively speaking, civilization may be compared to a tripod, or three-legged stool. If either of these legs be destroyed, the structure falls and becomes a useless thing. The three supports upon which civilization depends are the home, the church, and the school. Upon these the economic, social, moral and spiritual life of the world depends. A failure or repudiation of any of the three basic principles would result in a total annihilation of a great part of all good accomplished since time began. None of the three is a fixed or completed organization. Each has developed only by the greatest effort. The perpetuation of each depends largely upon the other two. None can continue through the exercise of the old rule of "self preservation."

In this age of the "lounge lizzard," the "jelly bean," the "flapper," and the "marathon dancers" the old time home life is almost gone. Parental authority is obsolete; yet, at the same time, parental responsibility is multiplied.

The church is tottering from within by bickerings of multitudinous cults and schisms. It is being rocked to its very foundations by the assaults of shrewd, powerful, and merciless enemies.

The public free school is a purely American institution. It was here in this land of ours that it first came into existence. The public free school, the cradle of Democracy, the University of the common people, the most democratic institution on earth, stands, perhaps, as the chief bulwark of civilization. Only by supreme concentration, and by divine guidance and blessing has it been able to withstand the perpetual assaults of its enemies.

However, civilization most assuredly is not approaching dissolution. The home, the church, and the school are passing a period of adjustment. This is only a transition time through which we are passing; no one knows how long the time will be. Yet, without doubt, each will be better and stronger after the adjustment is complete. To live in this time, and to be one who helps in re-establishing these foundations is a privilege greater than any other generation has ever known.

S. P. WALTRIP,
Principal Heights Senior High.



Symposiac Seniors 1923

• •
By R. A. Sell

Every day in every way, we are getting faster and faster. They said thirty years ago, "If we don't slow down a bit, everything will go pop;" but what did those old-backs know about speed? They had never seen a flying machine, a Ford automobile, or a Marathon dance.

According to the natural trend of evolution this class is the keenest, the brightest, the wittiest, and the wisest of all the marvelous combinations of the ages; and from you the world will get a terrible "boost." The scales in Miss Stafford's room record your weight as six tons; six tons of dash and "pep" and animation,—not to mention "jazz" and electricity and chain-lightning.

But the world has been waiting for you. Money and honors are bestowed upon initiative; initiative is the knack of doing the right thing without being told. Push open the door of opportunity; jump over the flagstones of opposition; speed past the motor-cops of indifference.

Life is just one dance after another.

Some of the dances are longer than others, and the music may vary from animated jazz to the most doleful dirge of funeral "taps", but continuous is the cry, "On with the dance," the dance to wealth, to fame, to get a living—"Ah, there is the rub." It is only in "make believe dances" that you can "sit out" a number when you happen to be weary or indisposed; the great dance of life is a marathon in which 122 hours are but an incident.

Next to doing the thing without being told, is to do it when you are told once; those who can "put things across" get high honors and

their pay is in proportion. Then there are those who never do a thing until they are told twice; they get no honors and small pay. Finally, there is the great class of people who do the right thing only when they feel the boot of necessity kicking them from behind; they usually get indifference and a pittance; such people spend most of their time "nursing a grouch," and telling hard-luck stories. It is with these ordinary people with all of their faults and their few virtues that you are privileged to spend your time and your energies; it may be your duty to war against the waywardness and thoughtlessness and inefficiency of mankind and to keep the erring workmen doing some semblance of work until you have in a measure brought about a reform.

"Imagination is sympathy illumined by love and ballasted by brains."

We build on the thoughts, that we think; just as well build an air-castle occasionally; it may brighten a dark day or even drive away the "blues."

"He is a benefactor of mankind who makes two grins grow where there was only a grouch before." The best way to help ourselves is to help others.

Were you ever in a lunatic asylum. I mean as a visitor, of course—not a resident in regular standing. Most of the permanent guests of the institution have some kind of a delusion. One may think that he is a great general, just waiting for his army; another, a broken down pauper, may explain that he is an over-worked financier; an elderly spinster with an impossible face may harbor the delusion that all of the men are seeking to marry her; but all of these are harmless lunatics; each has a pet delusion; some of them may be sane enough on other topics but entirely in the grasp of one fool notion.

But all people who harbor pet delusions are not in lunatic asylums; most of us are more or less "batty" on some subject or other.

"You are the salt of the earth", you are the "cream of our civilization", you have enjoyed opportunities that are reserved to comparatively few people; less than one percent of the population of the world ever attain a high education; you must furnish the enthusiasm and initiative and the sober leadership; with the dash and pep you

must become the great balance-wheel of the most complicated and fast-moving social and industrial system that the world has ever seen.

You are the High Moguls, the "Great Gassabooks," but in the slang of the street "You've got some job waiting for you."

Let me close with a quotation from the great soldier, statesman, and broncho-buster, Theodore Roosevelt: "I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life—the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife, to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere ease and peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph."



Now just turn back a page or two,
There" be presented to your view
A photograph not long since took
Of Ed-i-tor of this here book.
'tis such a pity so great a man
Must write with all the might he can.
But tell me does he really write?
Oh, no, he's merely filled with fright
Lest there may spring up a belief
That he's not ed-i-tor-in-chief.

Thanks for bouquet "old socks."
—Earl Kays.



CLASSES

JOSIE M. PRICE 23

BOOK II



JOSIE M. PRICE '23

Class Motto:

"Perfection in everything we do."

Class Colors:

Green and White

Class Flower:

White Rose

Senior Class Roll

OFFICERS

WILLIAM MORGAN.....	President
CARROLL COX.....	Vice-President
MARGARET POND.....	Secretary
EDWIN TORIAN.....	Treasurer

HONOR STUDENTS

MILDRED FULTON.....	Valedictorian
KRISTINE MORTENSON.....	Salutatorian
CARL BAGGETT.....	First Honor Boy
WARD KEMPER.....	Second Honor Boy

GIRLS

Barrick, Madge.....	1235 Rutland
Buckles, Fern.....	416 W 23rd
Balch, Gladys.....	1819 Dallas
Biggs, Winifred.....	1132 Rutland
Barker, Bernice.....	131 E 16th
Boulet, Ilvey.....	518 Brunner
Christenson, Billie.....	316 E. 6th
Culver, Mary Louise.....	610 Heights Blvd.
Chance, Ella Mae.....	695 Irvine
Cronan, Mildred.....	5701 Washington
Fulton, Mildred.....	302 W. 21st
Folk, Louise.....	909 E. 26th
Farr, Virginia.....	411 W. 16th
Golden, Alice.....	515 W. 18th
Goodwin, Hazel.....	311 W. 17th
Geyer, Nellie.....	530 Harvard
Hall, Jeanette.....	624 W. 20th
Hubby, Virginia.....	737 Heights Blvd.
Hubby, Lillian.....	737 Heights Blvd.
Hutson, Emily.....	1448 Heights Blvd.
Hunter, Ercelle.....	1125 Harvard
Hinton, Bessie.....	540 W. 28th
Inman, Rowena.....	5120 Nolday
Kelley, Mildred.....	207 E. 25th
Kullenberg, Marguerite.....	411 W. 16th
Kleb, Martha.....	Route 6, Box 500
Key, Pauline.....	523 W. 19th
Lake, Gladys.....	1806 Harvard
Loock, Florence.....	1001 Cortland
Lewis, Bessie.....	411 W. 19th
Mulvogue, Alleen.....	923 Tulane
Mortensen, Kristine.....	1038 Rutland
Morrison, Helen.....	1534 Rutland
Mitchell, Iola.....	824 Tulane
Mills, Evelyn.....	111 Lenox
Mangum, Frances.....	3302 Beauchamp
MacPherson, Esther.....	112 W. 4th
Pond, Margaret.....	333 W. 18th
Price, Josie Mae.....	1235 Columbia
Ross, Clara.....	343 Courtland
Sanders, Aline.....	1426 Columbia
Sell, Ruth B.....	1236 Rutland
Swiley, Louise.....	1101 Heights Blvd.
Stedman, Hattie Gen.....	1709 Haver
Stetler, Alice.....	320 W. 15th
Schulte, Bertha.....	737 E. 12th
Shannon, Philetus.....	1246 Columbia
Tindall, Suda.....	406 W. 27th
Williams, Ruth.....	202 W. 16th
Williams, Grace.....	1318 Harvard

Woolery, Daisy.....	4618 Oak
Woolridge, Evelyn.....	1421 Rutland
Welch, Nellie.....	4519 Blossom
Woodward, Margaret.....	218 W. 15th
Johnson, Zelma	
Purdy, Ruth	

BOYS

Allessandro, Cullen.....	4409 Houston Ave.
Barber, Philip.....	212 W. 17th
Blackstone, Theodore.....	609 E. 13th
Baggett, Karl.....	4711 Wood
Barziza, Herndon.....	1027 Tulane
Campbell, Perry.....	1117 Harvard
Edgley, Earl.....	701 Highland Ave.
Farr, Cecil.....	611 Sampson
Fite, Harvey.....	117 Bethje
Frazee, Laurance.....	223 E. 12th
Fischer, Otis R.....	1121 Columbia
Gibbs, Hunter.....	1407 Tulane
Henrichsen, Henry, Jr.....	724 Heights Blvd.
Head, Otho.....	809 Heights Blvd.
Heart, Austin.....	408 W. 23rd
Krakower, Herman W.....	405 Courtland
Knight, Andrew.....	1435 Herkimer
Kissel, Harry.....	2121 Lowell
Kemper, Ward.....	4619 Rose
Kays, Earl.....	837 Arlington
Kennerly, Burnett.....	2102 Yale
Kelley, Herbert.....	407 E. 25th
Loftin, Harold.....	1307 Arlington
Luke, Burford.....	717 W. 17th
Longcope, Donald.....	1115 Heights Blvd.
Lawrence, Searle.....	1418 Columbia
Lowrence, Searle.....	1418 Columbia
McAnnally, Lonnie.....	305 Ashbury
Morgan, Wm. B.....	217 Marsden
Palmer, John.....	1131 Tulane
Planchal, Pete.....	3505 Raymond
Prather, Edward.....	4512 Center
Rogers, Neil.....	215 W. 13th
Robertson, Adolph.....	Public Health Hospital
Stine, Douglas.....	225 W. 23rd
Shoquist, George.....	1020 Rutland
Simpson, Albert.....	1921 Yale
Spencer, B. W.....	1111 Heights Blvd.
Sparks, Kenneth.....	1022 E. 26th
Wimberly, Chas.....	717 Yale
Witte, Durward.....	329 W. 18th
Westfall, Ralph.....	1023 Courtland
Cox, Carroll.....	1627 Arlington



THE PENNANT



WILLIAM MORGAN
President

"A word informs a wise man
When denser men are fools."



CARROLL COX
Vice-President

"But behold, forbear,
I see the sun-god's portrait there!"



MILDRED FULTON
Valedictorian

"One who reached the pinnacle of
fame's lofty crest,
Because she insisted on giving her
best."



MARGARET POND
Secretary

"Her face is like a primrose before
the dew is gone."



EDWIN TORIAN
Treasurer

"Danger he challenges, laughing
and singing,
Grasping the "Tiger's" mustaches
and swinging."



CARL BAGGETT
First Honor Boy

"Time, place, and merit may with
toil be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never
bought."



KRISTINE MORTENSEN
Salutatorian

"Possessed of all virtues and count-
less charms."



WARD KEMPER
Second Honor Boy

"He stands upon the world's thresh-
hold,
And all bow before him."





ALINE SANDERS

"Nature made her what she is and never made another."

HERMAN KRAKOWER

"I live between perils, abandoned
by friends,
Like an ant on a firestick, lit at
both ends."

RUTH SELL

"No pearl ever lay in Oman's green
waters
As pure in its shell as thy spirit
in thee."

VIRGINIA HUBLY

"Her eyes would flash in a heavenly
heat,
A fire that even in anger was
sweet."

THEODORE BLACKSTONE

"His worth is in being,
Not in seeming."

SEARLE LAWRENCE

"Let the Rock fall on the Crock,
Or the Crock on the Rock.
He will be the Rock,
And the shock will break the
Crock."

ALICE GOLDEN

"Such a one eases the burdens of
all around."

VIRGINIA FARR

"A lassie fair with golden hair."

AUSTIN HART

"A merry laugh and lightsome jest,
Of all good fellows, he is the best."

ALICE STETLER

"One dear maid is better far
Than up above, ten angels."

JOSIE MAE PRICE

"Listen to the muses' lyre
Wielder of the pencil's fire."
"Sketch in paintings bold display."

OTHO HEAD

"He tears up watches to see the
wheels go around."

NEIL ROGERS

"He hath a foot mecurial."

WINIFRED BIGGS

"A laugh as gay as a day in June,
A voice like a melody played
sweetly in tune."





MARY LOUISE CULVER

"Sweet and honest, girlish and true."

CHARLES WIMBERLY

"His greatest glory is never in falling,
But in rising each time after he falls."

MADGE BARRICK

"She is just little and cute, and the prettiest ever."

ZELMA JOHNSON

"There is a grace in all her ways."

PHILIP BARBER

"His time is never so short but that there is time for courtesy."

DURWARD WITTE

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

LILLIAN HUBLY

"She needs no ornaments to aid such loveliness."

OUIDA WOODRUFF

"She walks in beauty like the night."

EARL KAYS

"The man worth while
Is the one who will smile when
everything goes dead wrong."

BILLIE CHRISTENSON

"When she says "I will," on her
you can depend;
When she says "I won't," she
won't and that's the end."

GLADYS BALSCH

"A sunny face, contented mind,
With mirth and wisdom all com-
bined."

HERBERT KELLY

"The heights by this man reached
and kept
Were attained by labor while his
companions slept."

BRUCE HILL

"Successful is the man who, after
preparation, is ripe for great
exploits and mighty undertak-
ings."

GRACE WILLIAMS

"She that brings sunshine into the
lives of others, cannot keep it
from herself."



THE PENDANT



EMILY HUTSON

"She is just a modest school girl
with her hair blown out behind."

ANDREW KNIGHT

"It matters not how hard the gait,
I am captain of my fate."

CLARA ROSS

"Within her humid, melting eyes,
A brilliant ray of laughter lies."

GLADYS LAKE

"She laughs like the undrowned
music of the maddest meadow
brook."

MACK ROWELL

"There is life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving."

BURNETT KENNERLY

"The race is not to the swift or
strong,
But to the one who separates the
right from the wrong."

ILVEY BOULET

"Her eyes are blue and dewy
Like the glimmering summer
dawn."

FRANCES MANGUM

"Her face is like the hawthorne
bloom,
Her eyes two violets in a mist."

DOUGLAS STINE

"A man of powers and ideals bold."

RUTH PURDY

"To those who knew thee not, no
words can paint.
To those who know thee all words
are faint."

FERN BUCKLES

"She is as sweet as morning roses,
fresh with morning dew."

LAWRENCE FRAZEE

"He works on ever quietly, but all
is well done."

JEANETTE HALL

"So beautiful and wise and gay,
Oh, maiden, art thou nymph or
fay?"

NELLIE GEYER

"The mildest manner and the gent-
lest heart."





HAZEL GOODWIN

"Such a bonnie, happy lassie,
with gleeful eyes of brown."

HARVEY FITE

"In evil days he draws good from
harm,
His house is ablaze,
'The flames will keep me warm.'"

BERNICE BARKER

"Silence is a great peace maker."

PHILETUS SHANNON

"Wisdom is knowing what to do,
Skill is knowing how to do it,
And virtue is doing it."

HUNTER GIBBS

"Our deeds name us from afar."

DONALD LONGCOPE

"He drops the subject when he can-
not agree,
He knows he is right; so let it
be."

MILDRED KELLY

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye."

MARGUERITE KULLENBERG

"Sweet and demure,
So good and pure."

ALBERT SIMPSON

"I'll own the horse in fortune's
bloom.
Should fortune fail me, I'll be its
groom."

FLORENCE LOOCK

"Her daily, heavenly loving and
giving,
Makes the gloomiest life the best
of living."

NELLIE WELSH

"The beautiful are as useful as the
useful."

EDWARD PRATHER

"Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love, and fortune on my
footsteps wait."

CECIL FARR

"He well deserves to have
Who knows the strongest way to
get it."

AILEEN MULVOGUE

"Sweeter than pansies when gath-
ered anew;
This I say, her eyes are blue."





DAISY WOOLERY

"Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
We never fail to love her."

HAROLD LOFTIN

"It is no use in running, I say:
To set out betimes is the main
point."

RUTH WILLIAMS

"Behold a dainty Peri, weaving a
magical spell:"

ROWENA INMAN

"She never remembers that the
skies are grey,
For she carries a happy thought
all the day."

BERTRUM SPENCER

"The world turns aside to let this
man pass."

GEORGE SHOQUIST

"As proper a man as one should see
Upon a summer's day."

EVELYN WOOLRIDGE

"As merry as the day is long."

ESTHER MACPHERSON

"We look to her for the good and
the true,
The beauteous and the right."

PERRY CAMPBELL

"His success lies not so much in
his talent
As in concentration and perse-
verance."

BESSIE HINTON

"Beware of raven hair,
For there is magic in those locks."

LOUISE SWILLEY

"She is just the quiet kind
Whose nature never varies."

H. E. HENRICHSSEN

"Away, away, ye men of rules,
What have I to do with schools?"

HATTIE GENE STEDMAN

"None knew her but to love her,
None name her but to praise."

BERTHA SCHULTE

"All winds serve her who has a
dstined port."





IOLA MITCHELL

"She moves as a goddess:
She moves as a queen."

HERNDON BARZIZA

"Here is a lad who knows whither
he is going."

PAULINE KEY

"Modest and shy as a nun is she,"

EVELYN MILLS

"When she sends out a loving
thought,
All nature echoes a sweet bene-
diction."

EARL EDGELY

"There are two days which I never
worry about,
Yesterday and to-morrow."

ERCELLE HUNTER

"She has a heart with room for
every joy."

LOUISE FOLK SMITH

"Velvet dark are her eyes like a
princess of yore."

MILDRED CRONAN

"She is a tiny, saucy creature."

JOHN PALMER

"A poet, a lion, a man wise and bold,
He beats out new pathways for plodders to tread."

MARTHA KLEB

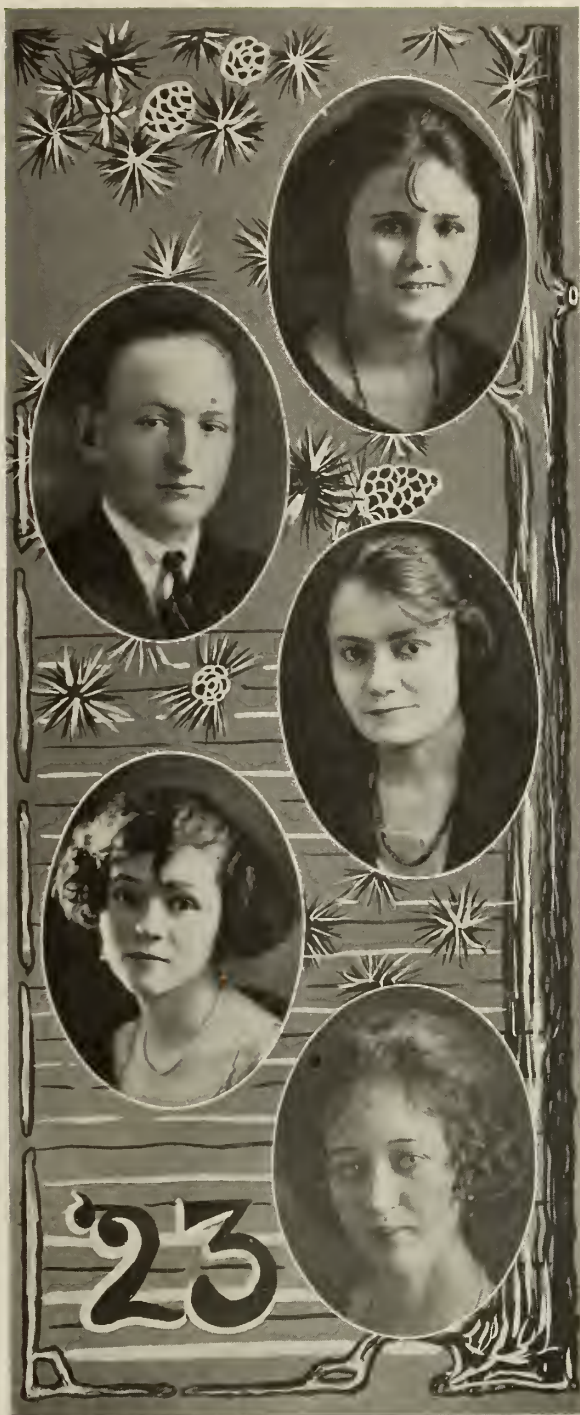
"Her majesty and her shyness are
a candle to her merit."

BESSIE LEWIS

"One whose heart has a slope
southward,
And is open to the noon of pleasures."

HELEN MORRISON

"It was only a glad good morning
As she passed along the way,
But it spread the morning's glory
Throughout the livelong day."



THE PENNANT

SUDA TINDALL

"So amiable and prudent a young lady."

BUFORD LUKE

"High is the seat of the man gentle in speech."

ADOLPH ROBERTSON

"The work of the world is done by a few."

ELLA MAE CHANCE

"The sky of her heart she always keeps bright."

HARRY KISSEL

"The man who works and laughs must do well."

RALPH WESTFALL

"Earth's greatest asset—a perfect gentleman."

KENNETH SPARKS

"Though flung in the ocean, I'll rise from beneath,
A fish on each finger, a pearl in my teeth."

OTIS FISCHER

"To rise to the mighty abodes, to o'erleap the sun,
Flight has a thousand roads, my ambition one."

CULLEN ALLESSANDRO

"He whose tongue is clever, speaks;
The world obeys."

STAVRO LEPPARD

"The mind occupied with great ideas
Best performs its duties."

LONNIE McANNALLY

"One who never speaks of himself except at a loss."





THE PENNANT



yum! yum!

Our New Sweater



All Aboard

SENIOR DAY

Who freed Miss G.M.



Which is Teacher?

Say is it time to eat?



Senior Class Poem

By Madge Barrick



Come, my dear classmates,
And let us make haste,
Life is before us
With no time to waste.
This is commencement;
So let us begin,
We have much to lose,
Again, much to win.

Time has passed swiftly
And some not well spent.
Forgetful of duties,
We were on pleasure bent.
There is a pathway
That leads to "Fame."
Come, let us walk in it
And each make a name.

The last day of school
Brings pleasure and pain.
In our separation
We'll not meet again.
So will press forward
While some will sit still,
Not making an effort
A good place to fill.

The best is before us
If we but take it.
Think of the old adage,
"Life's what we make it."
It will mean 'struggle,
But let us aim high.
We are sure to attain
If we only try.

Let's make the world better
By having lived in it,
Always on the alert
Not losing a minute.
We are quite ready
To get down to work,
But the class as a whole
Must forget the word "Shirk."

For our dear teachers
We have only praise,
Who through much patience
Helped pave our way.
In holding backward,
We are filled with regret.
Did we thank them enough?
Let's redeem ourselves yet.

Honestly, Seniors,
Can't you quickly see
That a poor sort of poet
I am doomed to be?
But in these four years
I've given my best.
As this is the last,
Please give me a rest.

Senior Class History

By Alice Golden



Act I—First Year in High School
Scene I—Old Heights High School

CAST

Stuart Boyle	President
Alice Golden	Vice-President
Margaret Pond	Secretary
Hazel Goodman	Treasurer

FRESHMEN

September, 1919! We are freshmen! To one who has never felt the thrill of emotion, which this experience brings to the heart, I offer my heart-felt sympathy.

Contrary to precedent, our freshmen class did not enter high school in fear of trepidation. Having a class far above the average in brains and qualities of leadership, we were filled with self-confidence, and a class organization was soon perfected. The "freshies" then proceeded to support loyally the high school in every activity.

School days seemed one joyous affair after another when suddenly Death stalked in our midst. The tragic death of Mary Huffington took from us one of our brightest pupils. After this loss, life assumed a more serious aspect.

Toward the latter part of the first term a slight difference of opinion as to the management of the class caused a division in the ranks. The boys formed a separate organization; the girls did likewise. However this state of affairs did not meet with Mr. Waltrip's approval; consequently it was necessary to reorganize.

For one whole day we cast aside wrinkled care, and took part in the gay pranks of April Fool's Day, this being an affair in which the "freshies" particularly shone.

With the passing of the school term, we began to realize our responsibilities. As spring approached, what a struggle we put forth to be the first "sophs" in the new high school!

The final tests were passed, "Were we or were we not?" Sad to

relate, when we had revived enough to question one another, a number of us "WERE NOT". We were sorry; but the joy of being among those present when Heights Senior opened its doors for the first time, eclipsed every other thought. We knew we were lucky.



Act II—Second Year

Scene I—Second Floor of new Heights Senior High School.

CAST

Mildred Fulton	President
Madge Barrick	Vice-President
Ted Boswell	Secretary
Hazel Goodman	Treasurer
Miss George Marshall Dukes.....	Sponsor

SOPHOMORES

As I was not present at the first term of the sophomore year, I had no part in the activities of the class. However, judging from accounts given me by correspondence, the election of an efficient set of officers promised much for the success of the class. Social affairs were numerous and successful. The sophomore class began to have some part in athletics, having three men on the splendid championship team. This was a banner year for Heights Senior in athletics, and, dear to the heart of the sophomores, was the fact that they had a part in these glorious victories.

During the second term, the sophomores, aided by their able sponsor, Miss George Marshall Dukes, produced a play, "Benjamin, Benny, and Ben." It was the first play ever given by this class, and was a great success. Part of the money from this play was devoted to helping the Booster Club buy a set of International Encyclopedias for the school.

Among the social events of the year was a hay-ride to Sylvan Beach. Notwithstanding the fact that this Hay-ride was given on Friday, 13, it did not daunt the sophomores, and a good number responded to the promise of a hilarious evening.

Responsibility was beginning to rest heavily on the sophomores' shoulders. The last carefree year! Within a few short months we will all be juniors,—maybe,—doomed to take all final examinations!



Act. III—Third Year

Scene I—Second Floor of Heights Senior High School.

CAST

Donald Hallman	President
William Morgan	Vice-President
Bessie Hinton	Secretary
Hazel Goodman	Treasurer
Miss George Marshall Dukes.....	Sponsor

JUNIORS

As juniors our social affairs take on new dignity; they are no longer mere parties, but real functions. Our first formal entertainment was a Hallowe'en dance given for the seniors at the Club House.

Later in the year we gave a play, "Much Ado About Betty," by which to obtain money to help finance the boat-ride, given in honor of the seniors by the junior class; it furnishes one of the most delightful episodes in Heights school affairs, and so far has not been attempted by other schools. A delightful day made the ride to San Jacinto Battle Grounds perfect.

The last of the privileges accorded the junior class was decorating the auditorium for graduation exercises. The auditorium was artistically decorated in shasta daises and ferns. We hoped that the "high and mighty" seniors would appreciate our efforts, and the approaching junior class profit by the splendid example set.



Act IV—Fourth Year.

Scene I—Third Floor of Heights Senior High School.

CAST

William Morgan	President
Carrol Cox	Vice-President
Margaret Pond	Secretary
Edwin Torian	Treasurer
Miss George Marshall Dukes.....	Sponsor

SENIORS

Could it be possible that we were at last the "high and mighty" seniors! Entitled to sit in the balcony! Were our dreams to become



realities? We, the first class to have gone through the new school, were launched on our career as seniors. New faces and some old ones were added to the personnel. We elected Miss George Marshall Dukes as a sponsor, and with an able set of officers we set out "to do or die."

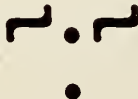
The class was entertained by Miss Ercelle Hunter with a Hallowe'en party, which proved to be an unusually enjoyable party. The next courtesy tendered the seniors was a party given by the junior class at Miss Florence Looock's. The juniors gave the seniors a royal entertainment.

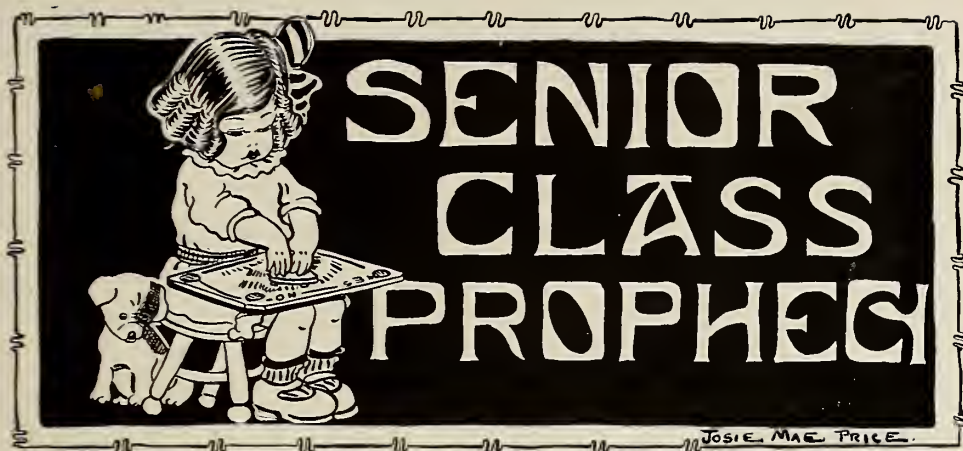
The school days rapidly sped; we, who had been low seniors, became high seniors. Graduation day loomed large on our horizon; graduation books made their appearance; talks of stunt shows soon materialized into real Majestic performances. Stars which had never shown before were born to shine on those nights. The stunt shows were successes financially as well as dramatically.

Senior Day, many times post-poned, finally arrived. It was peculiar to itself; as a boat-ride it would have been a huge success. However it takes more than water to dampen the spirits of this senior class, and the more it rained the more hilarious became the crowd.

It seemed that Senior Day had scarcely passed when the date of the annual boat-ride was upon us. We were the guests of the junior class for this day, which dawned as usual, cloudy and misty; nevertheless it was a day to be long remembered. The splendid music furnished for dancing, with the added joys of canoeing, swimming, and the delightful trip on the river, gave the seniors a wonderful bit of pleasure to which time can add but lustre.

Examinations are over! Class Night arrives; baccalaureate day dawned and was swiftly over. At last that final event, Commencement Night, our diplomas, are before us; this marks the parting of our ways. We have thought that night would mark the climax of our efforts, but, dear senior class of 1923, as we fare forth tomorrow to face life's problems, we will find we have simply crossed the bay; the ocean lies before us.





By Austin Hart

It was a very, very large book. In fact, I had never seen anything like it before. On top of the book, which was bound in gold, sat the spirit of a girl who seemed to be strangely familiar. I approached her and learned from her that she was Mary Huffington, our classmate in grammar school. I also learned that the book contained the picture and occupation of each member of the class of '23. On looking in the book, I found that it was dated 1933. I became interested at once and began looking through the pages.

First came William Morgan, our former president. He was in the antique business, and it has been said that he was an egg-crook.

Ruth Williams became a missionary to Siberia after she refused to marry Bob Waltrip. It was said that he wanted Ruth's money.

Iola Mitchell, Grace Williams, and Suda Tindall are in Mexico, teaching the natives to skate on ice skates in English.

Perry Campbell is an illustrious toreador. He gained his prowess by throwing the bull while in high school. Clara Ross applauds him from a near-by box seat.

Andrew Knight, who is very famous for his carvings in wood, has said he got all his designs out of his head.

Aileen Mulvogue is in China, trying to stop the natives from growing and eating rice. According to her notion it gives them a yellow skin.

Bessie Lewis is an old maid school teacher; to be exact, she is the principal of C. I. A. Of course, Margaret Pond is her assistant.

Cullen Allessandro is assistant draft clerk at the Union National Bank. His job is to keep the doors shut.

Josie Mae Price is a good artist and can draw anything,—from a pay check to flies.

Ed Prather is a notorious man. He has his picture in all the magazines. Beneath his picture is written, "The skin you love to touch."

Martha Kelb is well known because of her feat of dancing two hundred hours without rest.

Philip Barber is now in the restaurant business. To be truthful, he is dishwasher at The Blue Front Cafe.

Helen Morrison was elected to the Senate. She then started a bill to abolish movies because of their effect on the minds of the public.

The steeple jack work of Kristine Mortensen is nothing short of marvelous. Her greatest task was to paint the flag pole at Main and McKinney, but she climbed the pole and completed the task.

Carrol Cox is traveling with an orchestra. He is a very necessary part,—carrying the drum.

Otis Fischer, after winning several prizes in high school for his writings, is now a correspondent to both the Press and Billie Mayfield's Weekly.

Buford Luke, always noted for the size of his hats, has become sole owner of the John B. Stetson Company, and wears what is termed as a "ten gallon" hat.

Ruth Sell wrote a book called "If Not, Why So? If So, Why Not?" Then she nearly had a mental collapse from the reverse English used in the book.

Mildred Kelly and Nellie Geyer decided it would be so romantic to reopen King Tut's tomb. They opened it and found a lot of air.

Cecil Farr is a very great thinker. Someone said he had a thought the other day; however the report was not confirmed.

Winifred Biggs and Gladys Balch have become dress reformers, and are traveling all over the country in an effort to get long dresses back again.

Then the monotony of the pages was broken by a very strange picture. The device seemed to be a very fantastic aeroplane with short wings. I asked the spirit what it was, and she replied, "That is one of the rocket-planes which Ilvy Boulet is running between the Earth and Mars."

Bruce Hill is still leading a wooden soldier chorus; someone said he had a good head for being a wooden soldier.

George Shoquist is a very popular man. He fills dates for people all over the country. By the way he is employed by the Dromedary Date Company.

Laurance Frazee played on the Harvard team as tackle. His size helped him along considerably. However Neil Rogers played for Yale, last season for Bull Durham. He received a plug of Star tobacco extra.

Florence Loock is running a well known restaurant called the "Gravy Spoon."

The nation has been divided into two parts; the flappers and the anti-flappers. Mildred Fulton leads the flappers, and Bessie Hinton leads the anti-flappers. A great war is expected.

Hattie Gene Stedman was high point winner in the Women's Olympic games. She broke the world record for the shot put.

H. E. Henrichsen has gone up from owning a filling station to president of the Standard Oil Company.

Emily Hutson has a wonderful job selling patent medicine. She is making a great success out of her work.

Herman Krakower, who was the teacher of Mr. Mercado's seventh period Spanish class, is still teaching Spanish at Heights Senior High.

Frances Mangum is a great public speaker, and has spoken all over the world,—by radio.

Harvey Fite is showing up well as a dancer on amateur nights at the Cozy Theatre.

Theodore Blackstone is a sampler in the Texas Chemical Works. His job is to sample the poisons to see if they have lost their strength.

Lillian and Virginia Hubly are now on the Majestic circuit. Their act is called "The Gold Dust Twins."

Ella Mae Chance is the richest woman in the United States simply because she took a chance in oil.

Herndon Barziza always liked the girls; so he bought out the Zigfield Follies. Then all the girls quit.

Ralph Westfall, the pug who knocked out Jack Dempsey, is now looking for more worlds to conquer.

Edwin Torian is demonstrating the never-last suspenders. But people say they are a hold-up.

Rowena Inman is the person who sweeps the clouds out of the pathway of the airships.

Then the spirit told me that on the next page was the picture of a very famous man. She said that all the women in the country were wild about him, and he had four wives at that time. Then she turned the page and the picture of Donald Longcope stared me in the face.

Harry Kissel, the famous veterinary surgeon, has just completed successful operations on Spark Plug and Man-of-War.

Alice Steler organized a club called "If You Want Something, Get It." All the members with the exception of Alice are in jail.

Earl Kays owns the Kays Light Globe Company. He is shedding light all over the world by his work.

Marguerite Kullenberg opened a home for orphan children, and Pauline Key is the nurse for the little dears.

Fern Buckles and Billie Christensen own the Let-Us-Yawn school of classical dancing.

A world wide beauty contest was staged and Carl Baggett sent in his picture. The judges declared that there was no use because he couldn't help but win.

Bernice Barker has a very thriving business at her hamburger stand in the City Park.

Hunter Gibbs became noted for his dancing. He was especially noted for his bad dancing.

Mary Louise Culver is chasing butterflies so that she can see what makes the cunning little creature fly.

Ward Kemper is demonstrating boots full of shoes and shoes full of boots. He is a roaring success.

Albert Simpson holds the world record for running broad jump. He jumped about forty feet.

Hazel Goodwin has just bought the Best Theatre and has employed Evelyn Woolridge to play the piano.

Bertram Spencer, always a bad track man, is now in the rum running business.

Durward Witte is a humor editor. To help out his wise cracks, he sometimes puts his picture in the joke column.

Louise Swilley has gone on an expedition to determine if the moon is made of green cheese.

Louise Folk is a model and is posing for statues. These statues are made by the leading brick masons of the land.

Alice Golden is a social butterfly and is flitting from one social event to another.

Otho Head doubled for Rudolph Valentino for several weeks and then beat Rudy out of his job.

Burnett Kennerly is playing a cornet on the street corner for the Salvation Army.

Esther MacPherson is still going to school. At the present time she is in a finishing school being finished.

Mildred Cronan, the writer, has written so many books that it is impossible to count them.

Charles Wimberly is taking tickets at one of the famous pleasure resorts,—the battle ground.

Virginia Farr is now gym director at the Y. W. C. A. She is also instructor for several classes in gymnastics.

Nellie Welch is organizing the K. K. K. or Kisses Kan't Kill. At the bottom was a note: Nellie is still alive.

Ruth Purdy has a cattle ranch and she raises monkeys on it. The ranch is a wreck.

Douglas Stine is posing Arrow collar ads. He is a regular camera bug and has pictures in all the magazines.

Aline Sanders is the walking champion of the U. S. She is now walking around the world.

Searle Lawrence, who is a standing guard in Leavenworth, has just petitioned for a chair.

Gladys Lake is on the stage and is known because of her wonderful voice.

Jeanette Hall is still a correspondent to the Evening Post. She writes advice to girls.

Kenneth Sparks followed his name and has invented a surf coaster to ride on radio waves.

John Palmer is a stump speaker and he spends most of his time carrying the stump around.

Daisy Woolery owns a beauty parlor which is called the "Robbery."

Evelyn Mills is interior decorator at the W. C. Munn Company. Her work is indeed wonderful.

Herbert Kelly owns the Stacomb factory and is running his business with great success.

The spirit started to close the book, but I asked for my picture. She turned to the last page and I saw my picture with the president of the United States under it. Then I awoke in the middle of the floor.



JEANETTE HALL

H. E. HENRICHSEN

I know you are wondering about this array,
A junk shop or a jumble or a gorgeous display.
But had you been with me on all my long jaunts
And seen what a hardship that still my head haunts,
Ninety-five gifts to collect on this ramble,
You would not exclaim at this 'glomerate scramble.
Now please forgive me for this wretched preamble.

Nellie, when you are a teacher of youth unruly,
Make use of these switches and think of yours truly.
Suda Tindall is a very quiet Miss
We'll give you these ear bobbs; now please don't "priss".
A lover of candy is Miss Virginia Farr;
So we'll give her a peanut chocolate bar.
To a lassie named Gladys from Damon Mound
We give this bell so that she can be found.
Bernice's voice is so very soft and low
We'll give her these beauty marks to attract a beau.
Ercelle is a very good sport,—a regular old scout.
But who ever knew a "Hunter" that didn't go out?
Quite a historian is Ella Mae Chance.
We'll give her a "Wells" to help her advance.
This sweet little Daisy, though not from the dell,
Is wishing you luck and all things well.
H. E. is my partner, but not much of a speller,
We'll give him this primer with a cover of yellow.
Buford Luke is our cowboy tall;
We'll give him this hat to wear next fall.
Here's a nice woolly dog for Kenneth Sparks,
I hope he won't be worried when it barks.
To our short, skinny classmate, Hunter Gibbs,
We'll give this bacon to get some meat on his ribs.
Austin Hart wonders what the "Derail" sign is,
Perhaps this dictionary will answer the question of his.
We give to Harvey, who is our best sport,
A fashion book to learn the latest report.
A set of dimmers for Otho Head
Will save traffic men from bad words said.
Philip is our little classmate you know,
For him an yeast cake to make him grow.
William has a lot of trouble with his hair;
So here's a curry comb to lessen his care.

Theodore is our deep bass musician;
 So here's a Jew's harp to raise his position.
 I give to Neil yet another lily
 Since the other one made him so silly.
 For Searle, our Spanish shark, you see
 Here's a hot tamale recipe.
 To one who loves to play ti-tat-too better than to eat
 We'll give this game to Burnett, but we hope that he won't cheat.
 Why they named him Harry, I cannot see,
 So here's some hair tonic to make his name appropriate, tee-hee!
 You never saw Bruce but what he was broke;
 So here's a dime to add to the joke.
 To Herndon Barziza, who may be greedy
 We'll give this chilli so he won't be needy.
 Carl Baggett is our classmate quite speckled;
 We'll give him a pencil and paper to add up his freckles.
 John Palmer is a good old soul
 To help him reach heaven here's a fishing pole.
 Douglas Stine is a boy very quiet.
 Here's a horn to help him start a riot.
 We believe a high collar would be very fine
 For Albert to hide his Adam's apple all the time.
 Otis has been a Fischer for many years.
 This handkerchief will wipe away his tears.
 A tiny boy named Lawrence Frazee
 Perhaps he may have need of this razor.
 Edward, whose face is always in the mud,
 May have this soap to make some suds.
 Of Earl Kays, our half-way blonde,
 This bottle of peroxide will make the girls fond.
 To Ward Kemper I give a small iron key
 Because of a ward-keeper does he remind me.
 Tubby, our ladies man, here is a horseshoe.
 May it always bring good luck to you.
 For Donald, in order to pay the great game debt,
 A box of kisses, which to him were bet.
 Here's seven cents for Cecil Farr,
 I hope he'll use them to catch a car.
 Bertram Spencer has such long hair, you see,
 A hair net will keep it under lock and key.
 To Ralph Westfall we give this tonic,
 Before his falling hair gets chronic.
 Carrol Cox has a few wavy locks.
 Here's a curler that makes waves in flocks.
 George is a salesman for hair dye,
 Here's a black sample for him to try.
 To the poky little boy Charles,
 This grease will give the speed of Ford cars.
 Perry is so dark and thin,
 Here's some Campbell's soup for him.
 Sugar for the boy named Herbert
 Will make him as sweet as sherbet.
 In short trousers does Durward stride;
 Here's some socks to make long pants his pride.

Nellie Welch is our dear blonde of much fame,
 We'll give her this license to change her name.
 Ilvy Boulet is the daughter of a preacher,
 We'll give her this book to help her be a teacher.
 Marguerite Kullenberg, who adores dramatics,
 From this movie book won't learn mathematics.
 Such pretty, thick hair has Esther MacPherson;
 We'll give this barret to add charm to her person.
 To do much work Evelyn Woolridge is too fat,
 But we'll give her this broom to sweep off the mat.
 To Madge Barrick, a wee little tot,
 We give her this cork, to keep her on top.
 To a short little girl named Mildred Cronan,
 We give this compass to aid her in roamin'.
 All girls love jewelry, especially a ring,
 Here's one Louise (Folk Smith) to add to your string.
 For our little girl Hazel, this dolly petite,
 We think will just match the size of her feet.
 To Mildred Kelly, so stately and staid,
 We'll give this pan where biscuits are made.
 We all know Alice Stetler can play,
 Here's some music to use some day.
 Florence Loock, here's a'most beautiful feather,
 Give Harry half; then fly off together.
 Grace Williams is industrious, as you may know;
 So we'll give her this needle that she may sew.
 To the football Sponsor, Hattie Gene Steadman,
 We give this pitch fork to keep her from bad men.
 We give to Ruth Williams a cart,
 For she and Bob are never apart;
 I guess then they'll have a good start.
 Lillian and Virginia, our would-be twins,
 Here is a package to keep you both in pins.
 Emily Hutson was the proud winner of fifty,
 So we'll give her this penny; I hope she'll be thrifty.
 Zelma Johnson has lots of pretty curls,
 This ribbon should make her prettiest of all girls.
 Martha Kleb is a good girl, a real dandy,
 So we'll present her with a stick of red candy.
 Bessie Hinton is jolly and loves to dance,
 We'll give her this program; boys, here's your chance!
 Margaret Pond, here is a hemp rope;
 To replace a ladder, if you elope.
 A slow moving girl is Josie Mae Price;
 Perhaps in delay she may need these dice.
 Ruth Purdy's favorites may easily be named,
 A car, a powder-puff, and a boy untamed.
 To Rowena Inman, our West End dame,
 We'll give this whip to make Ward tame.
 Frances Mangum's nose is inclined to shine,
 So we'll give her this powder-puff to make her look fine.
 To Evelyn Mills, who never frequents a still,
 We give this bottle, that she may drink her fill.

Iola Mitchell may like to play ball;
 So we'll give her this one, to use in the hall.
 Helen Morrison is always up to some trick;
 So to aid in her revels, I'll give this lip-stick.
 Kristine Mortensen will write many themes;
 Here are two pencils to help in her scheme.
 Some day Aileen Mulvogue may need this small comb,
 We'll give it to her to be used on her dome.
 We have a good seamstress named Clara Ross,
 So we'll give her this thimble, to help her across.
 For Aline Sanders, who can cook very well,
 Here's a frying pan; whom she'll kill, I can't tell.
 This bottle we give you, Ruth, never came from a cellar,
 But its perfume so rare, makes it a good smeller.
 Louise Swilley studies hard for every single test,
 So we'll give her this bed that she may take a long rest.
 Now Pauline Key to unlock the door of learning was able,
 And so you may see her diploma lying on the table.
 Bessie Lewis is cute and crazy about boys,
 I'll give her this one to add to her joys.
 Cullen's success in life very doubtful seems,
 So here's a balloon that he may rise to sunbeams.
 When speaking of courtesy, you think of a Knight,
 For Andrew a sword and you'll know you're right.
 Most boys at night like shades for light;
 Here's one for Stavro for both day and night.
 A Ford for Fritz will be mighty fine;
 Without it, to find Hans will take a long time.
 Gladys Balch needs a new time piece, we are sure you'll agree;
 Here's one, if she's not on time, don't blame it on me.
 Red headed girls are always in great demand.
 To keep Wini's cool in William's mad rush, here's a fan.
 This nosegay so 'sweet, is a gift we will give her,
 But it lacketh the Fern; so we'll put them together.
 To Billie Christenson, so tiny and small,
 I give this wee horn so we can hear her call.
 A pretty and sweet girl. is Mary Louise Culver;
 I'll give her a hook and line for to draw in a lover.
 Mildred Fulton is our English shark;
 So here's a candle to brighten her spark.
 That linings are silver was said in days olden,
 But for sweetest Alice, they must all be Golden.
 To make sure the rest will be, we give this token,
 And hope that its spell will never be broken.
 Jeanette is such a bonnie lassie,
 This picture of Wilson will make her sassy.
 Now to the grandest one among us, yet the smallest in our crowd,
 Each classman of the seniors wants to say of her we are proud;
 She has been more sincere and loyal than any of our friends,
 So we'll give this to our Sponsor and remember her to the end.
 And now we feel that our duty is done,
 That a burden is lifted and gratitude won,
 May we wish all happiness to you, everyone,
 And hope all will laugh in the spirit of fun.

Senior Class Will

THE STATE OF TEXAS, { Know All Men by These Presents:
County of Harris,

That we, the members of the senior and graduating class of the Houston Heights Senior High School, of the County of Harris and State of Texas, being in good health and charitable minds, and peaceable memories and being desirous of settling our high school affairs, do make and publish this our last class will and testament, hereby revoking all wills and ill-wills heretofore made by us.

First.—We direct that all short-comings be overlooked, that unrestricted possession and control of the uppermost floor and auditorium balcony of the Heights Senior High School and all just and special privileges enjoyed by us, be given to our beloved junior class, such possession and control to go into effect with the beginning of the fall term of the year A. D., 1923, when aforesaid juniors shall become seniors.

Second.—To our successors, the senior class of “’24”, we give the right to try for the intramural cup, which we so valiently won this year.

Third.—To the members of the aforesaid class we give the key of knowledge. It has been handed down for many generations from one senior class to another, and we, wishing to keep the same, buried it in the sand back of the school building. There it may be found when needed.

Fourth.—To the incoming juniors we grant the sole privilege of giving our successors a boat ride to the Battle Grounds as they have so cheerfully and successfully given us.

Fifth.—We direct that the future sophomores be given the pleasure of spending long hours in the office with the principal discussing such subjects as “Thou Shalt” and “Thou Shalt Not”. They should be required to report to the dean’s office everyday to give account of themselves.

Sixth.—Being desirous of witnessing a repetition of our glorious foot ball record, and feeling that nothing so spurs one on to success and victory as constant reminders of great men and great deeds, we bequeath to William Stewart Boyle the entire and complete foot ball regalia of Edwin Torian, alias Tubby, and trust that Mr. Boyle will wear the same through many victories.

Seventh.—To our most honorable and respected dean we bequeath each and every one of those innumerable and invaluable book covers, now safely locked within the confines of the text book library, and we would suggest that, since said book covers are of an extremely combustible nature, they will make most excellent material with which to start a fire in the kitchen range on a cold winter morning.

Eighth.—To all succeeding generations of high school students we will such leaders through four of the most important years of their lives as our most efficient and respected leader, S. P. Waltrip, and sincerely feel that we could wish them nothing better.

Being fully alive to the fact that it is to our instructors that we owe our wide and perfect knowledge of the subjects of the high school curriculum and knowing that the members of no other senior class have been so well versed in the secrets of science and mathematics as we, we bequeath to each of them a reminder of this graduating class, which they have striven to perfect that they may remember and feel proud that it is to them we owe our phenomenal and profound knowledge.

Ninth.—History informs us that great leaders of men such as Caesar and Napoleon aspired to the ownership of the world, but fate has decreed it otherwise, for to Miss Belle Williamson, our instructress in American History, we bequeath the world—which rests upon her desk.

Tenth.—To Miss Elizabeth Dukes, who is a champion of Mr. Edmund Burke, we bequeath all the copies of Burke's *Conciliation Speech*, as said speech is to be henceforth eliminated from the course of study. We, however, had the privilege of studying the speech and became so attached to the little brown volumes that we sincerely hope she will provide them with a quiet home that they may pass their declining days in peace.

Eleventh.—We feel compelled to give to Miss Nellie Ferguson only an honorable mention because of her continuous violations of the law of sines and co-sines, which, according to Miss Ferguson herself, is an unforgivable crime.

Twelfth.—To Miss Harris we bequeath the glory of Caesar, and to Mrs. McLeod the entire business interests of W. H. Goodwin.

Thirteenth.—To Mr. Sell we bequeath all broken laboratory equipment and all gas generated the past term.

Fourteenth.—And last but not least, to Miss Marshall Dukes, our loved and honored class sponsor and leader, to whom we have affectionately dedicated our annual, we give, will, and bequeath the utmost joy and sunshine which can possibly creep into any one's life.

We hereby constitute and appoint Cora Louise Marmion and Bertram Parker sole executor of this, our last will and testament, in witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands on this the first day of June, A.D., 1923, in the presence of Mrs. Byrd Creekmore and Mr. S. P. Waltrip, who attest the same at our request.

MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

M. F. KISSEL, Lawyer.

To the above instrument by the members of the Senior Class, the testators in our presence and we at their request and in their presence sign our names hereunto as our attesting witness.

MRS. BYRD W. CREEKMORE
S. P. WALTRIP

The Knights of Old

l l

The knights of old,
In perils bold,
And skilled in arms and song,
As ran their vows,
'Neath greenwood boughs,
Rode ever, righting wrong.
And critics say
That I, to-day,
Unskilled in arms and song,
Yet, like a bright
And ancient knight,
Am always writing wrong.



"The Pennant"

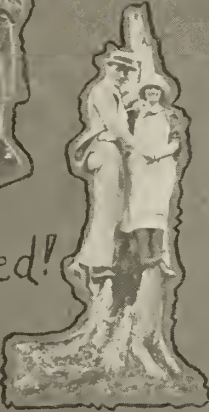
l l

My child, if you have scanned this book,
You've a page which made you look
With great de-light and scream and laugh,
It rep-re-sents the "Pennant" staff.
The "Pennant" staff, one might suppose
To be a stick, but one who knows
Will tell you that ti's those who write
And scribble all the day and night.





We See you Bruce



Treed!



Three Queens?



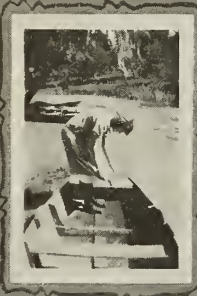
Nellie



Oh! Where are we at???



Aw Donkey—



S'matter?



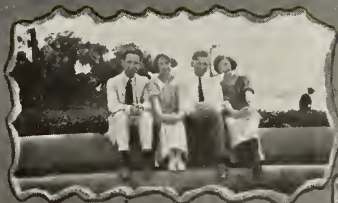
Baby



"Drifting"



Zylo & Josie Mae.



Teaches in Pairs



Lookit Ruth



Mrs Waltrip



Well Supplied Bob



NICHOLAUS



Pals



Must



X.Y.Z Club



Ahem.



Moving



Birds of a Feather.



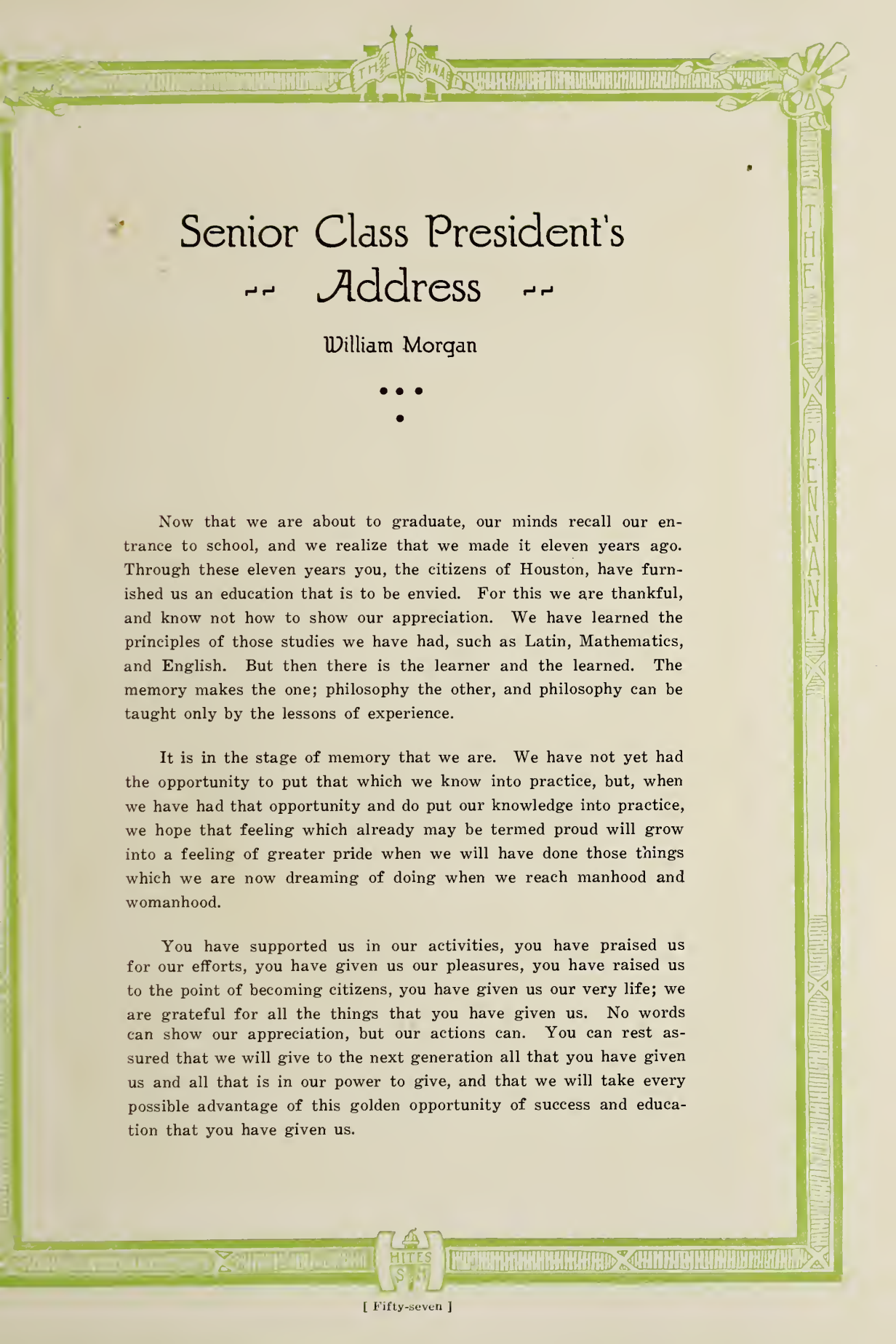
Lookie



Pretty!



Be Careful Miss Roney



Senior Class President's -- Address --

William Morgan

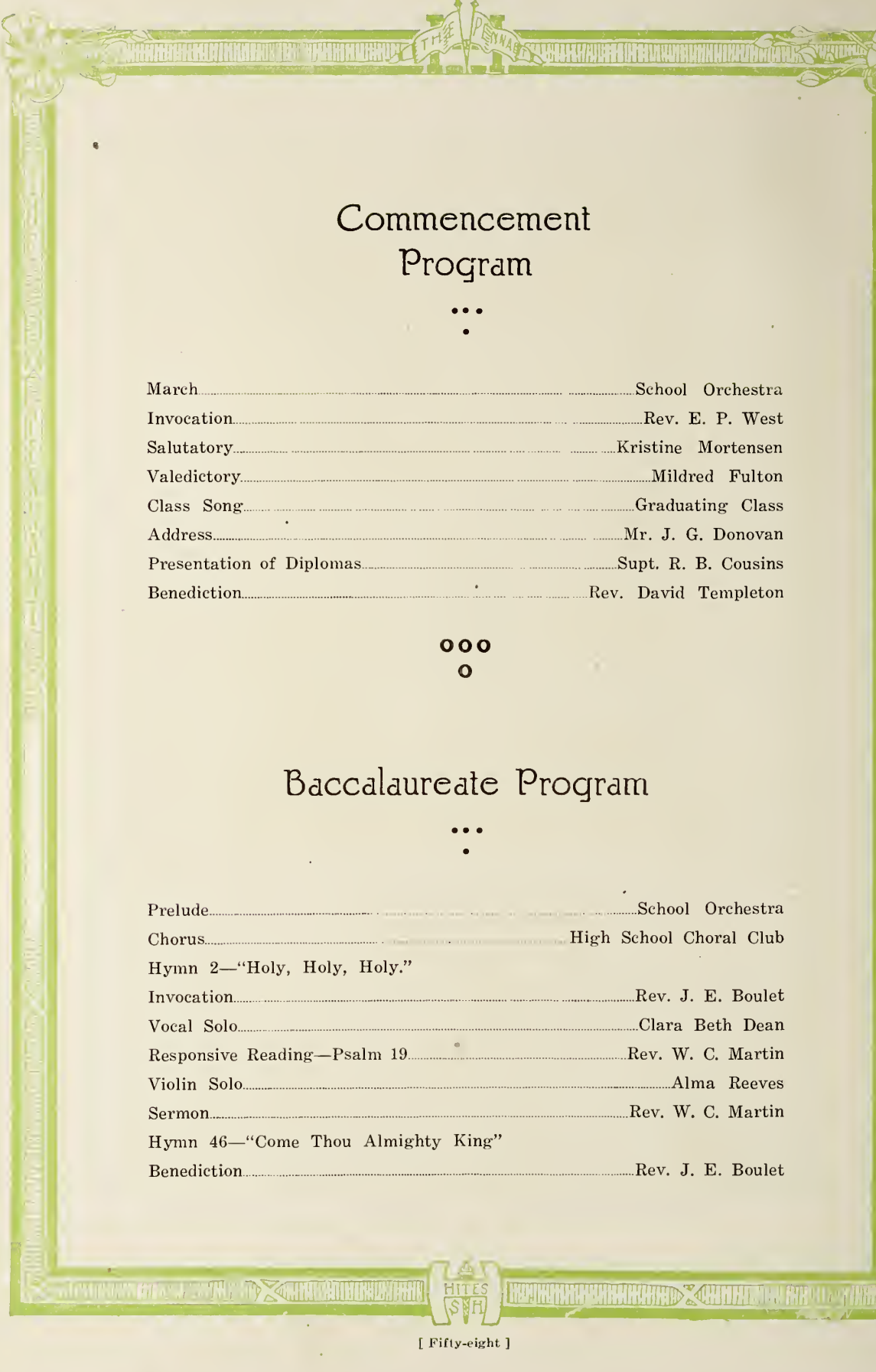


Now that we are about to graduate, our minds recall our entrance to school, and we realize that we made it eleven years ago. Through these eleven years you, the citizens of Houston, have furnished us an education that is to be envied. For this we are thankful, and know not how to show our appreciation. We have learned the principles of those studies we have had, such as Latin, Mathematics, and English. But then there is the learner and the learned. The memory makes the one; philosophy the other, and philosophy can be taught only by the lessons of experience.

It is in the stage of memory that we are. We have not yet had the opportunity to put that which we know into practice, but, when we have had that opportunity and do put our knowledge into practice, we hope that feeling which already may be termed proud will grow into a feeling of greater pride when we will have done those things which we are now dreaming of doing when we reach manhood and womanhood.

You have supported us in our activities, you have praised us for our efforts, you have given us our pleasures, you have raised us to the point of becoming citizens, you have given us our very life; we are grateful for all the things that you have given us. No words can show our appreciation, but our actions can. You can rest assured that we will give to the next generation all that you have given us and all that is in our power to give, and that we will take every possible advantage of this golden opportunity of success and education that you have given us.





Commencement Program



March.....	School Orchestra
Invocation.....	Rev. E. P. West
Salutatory.....	Kristine Mortensen
Valedictory.....	Mildred Fulton
Class Song.....	Graduating Class
Address.....	Mr. J. G. Donovan
Presentation of Diplomas.....	Supt. R. B. Cousins
Benediction.....	Rev. David Templeton



Baccalaureate Program



Prelude.....	School Orchestra
Chorus.....	High School Choral Club
Hymn 2—"Holy, Holy, Holy."	
Invocation.....	Rev. J. E. Boulet
Vocal Solo.....	Clara Beth Dean
Responsive Reading—Psalm 19.....	Rev. W. C. Martin
Violin Solo.....	Alma Reeves
Sermon.....	Rev. W. C. Martin
Hymn 46—"Come Thou Almighty King"	
Benediction.....	Rev. J. E. Boulet





Low Three Roll

Austin, Henry
Boyle, Stewart
Brown, Roy
Cairns, Bennete
Crammond, Kenneth
Denman, Ahtur
Eaves, Curtis
Eldridge, Harold
Farren, Eugene
Frank, Ben
Funk, Henry
Grant, Henry

Jensen, James
McGuire, Tom
McAnnally, Lonnie
Planchak, Pete
Ramsey, Leon
Read, Elmer
Sparks, Kenneth
White, Frank
Bernard, Ruby
Harkey, Florence
Hayden, Evangeline
Hutton, Lucille

Hickey, Maude
Houliston, Margaret
Jones, Estella
Koelev, Wanda
Key, Pauline
Lassitar, Martha
Leatherberry, Alice
Longnecker, Lillian
Pool, Maude
Woodward, Margarite
Wernli, Ella



"Boots" Luke
Age 2 yrs,
1 mo, 16 da.



Hazel Goodwin
Age 18 mo.



Emily Hutson
Age 3 yrs.



Josie Mae Price
Age 3 yrs.

AS
WE
WUZ



Mildred Fulton
Age 3 yrs.



Madge Barrick
Age 22 mo.



Ruth Sell
Age 4 yrs.

JUNIORS



◀DEEP STUDY▶

JOSIE M. PRICE '23



High Three Roll

CLASS OFFICERS—(Left to Right)

RUTH KING.....	Social Chairman
MARY JOE INKLEY.....	Pennant Reporter
KENNETH LEAMAN.....	Vice-President
CORA LOUISE MARMION.....	President
EARNEST HICKEY.....	Secretary and Treasurer
MISS LOUISE CARLETON.....	Sponsor

Becker, Deolice
 Bisby, Mamie
 Brown, Alta
 Bunting, Opal
 Buser, Kathleen
 Crossley, Barbara
 Curtis, Vera
 Cox, Anna Mae
 Chollier, Winifred
 Cude, Erma
 Dossman, Martha
 Durham, Anna Mae
 Dean, Clara Beth
 Denny, Lillian
 Dudley, Bertie Mae
 Eberspacher, Marie
 Fitzgerald, Virginia
 Farnsworth, Jessie
 Gentry, Lurline
 Groves, Rita Gean
 Gibbs, Ruth
 Hightower, Beth
 Hardy, Ruth
 Hawk, Athena
 Huntsinger, Margaret
 Inkley, Mary Joe
 Johnson, Evelyn
 Janke, Elizabeth
 James, Margaret
 Kinsman, Annie Lee
 King, Ruth
 Kroning, Emma
 Landwehr, Beth
 Lane, Imogene
 Landis, Virginia

Leppard, Dorothy
 Lowrey, Lula
 Marmion, Cora Louise
 Menefee, Myrtle
 Miller, Alice
 Miller, Bernice
 Mitchell, Lillian
 Norman, Louise
 Oliver, Gertrude
 Paul, Lois
 Pillot, Christine
 Price, Viola
 Pundt, Evelyn
 Reeves, Alma
 Richardson, Mable
 Rogers, Jeanette
 Rowland, Thelma
 Sikes, Bernice
 Slagle, Bernice
 Schley, Florence
 Stamm, Autrey
 Sullivan, Edna
 Taggart, Annie Lucile
 West, Arietta
 Wienberg, Doris
 Wickles, Lenna

Acebo, Willie
 Barbe, Rene
 Blackman, Allen
 Bybee, Eldon
 Brown, Cletus
 Cairns, Fred
 Cannon, Wilton

Carnes, Alton
 Croley, Joe
 Dossman, Edwin
 Durham, John
 Fields, William
 Fisher, Elwood
 Green, Mark
 Head, Harvey
 Hastings, Guy
 Hickey, Ernest
 King, Raymond
 Lemn, Hohn
 Leaman, Kenneth
 Lewis, Fletcher
 Maverick, John
 Murray, Lamar
 Noack, DeArmond
 Ogg, Jack
 Parker, Bertram
 Phelps, Charles
 Pugh, Robert
 Pickering, Ed. Jo.
 Reichart, Otto
 Rose, John
 Roose, Milton
 Shannon, Jack
 Sherouse, Leslie
 Sinclair, Burton
 Stampp, Robert
 Snyder, Herold
 Turner, Ettiene
 Tidmore, Alton
 Vanstone, Lorne
 Waltrip, Robert

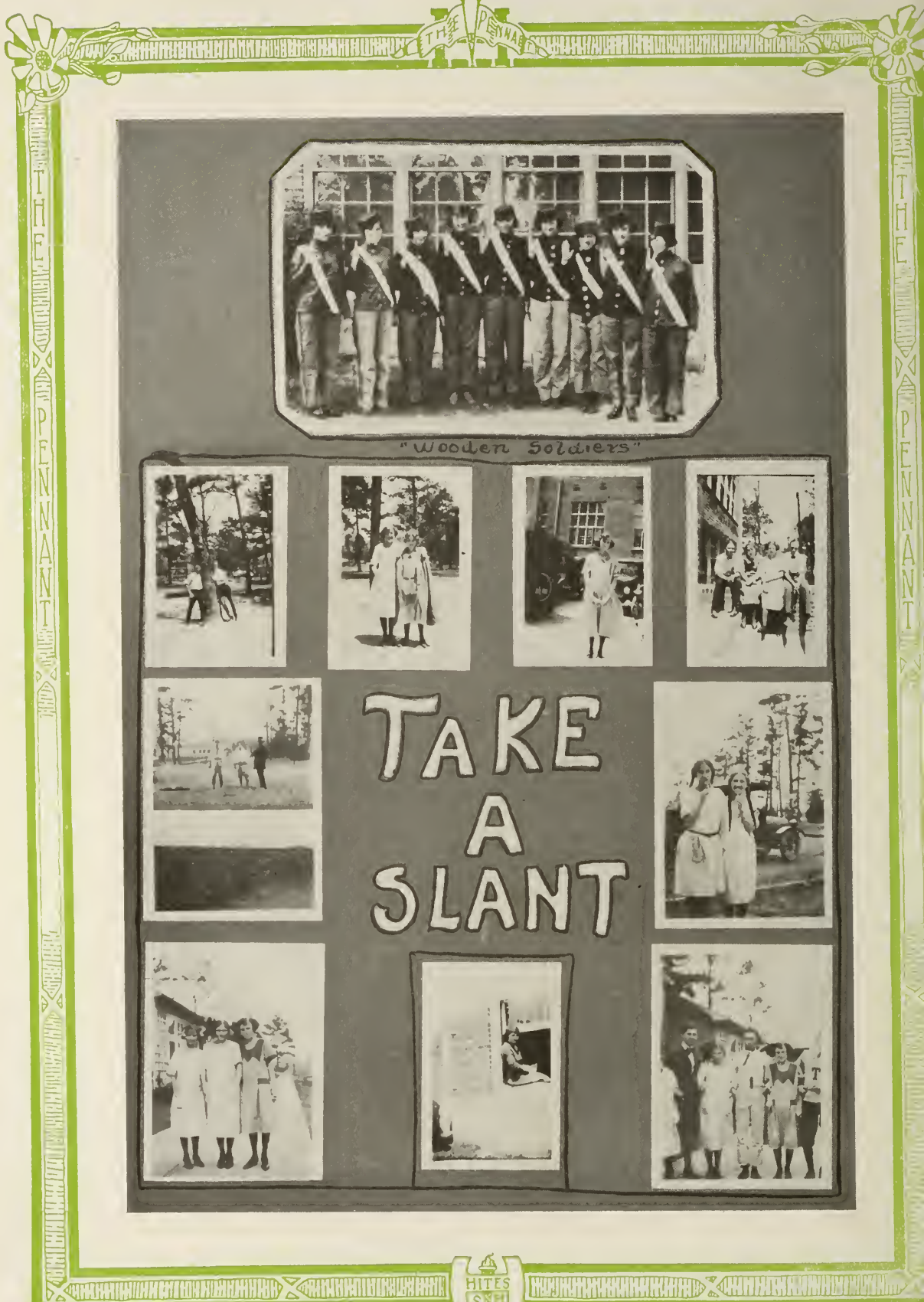


Low Three Roll

Andrews, Ruth	Bower, Ben
Banta, Nellie	Bertrand, Jay
Bell, Mary Angier	Bacarissee, Ed.
Becker, Deolice	Blackstone, Francis
Chilton, Maybell	Collins, Ray
Critendon, Ruby	Colwell, George
Carnes, Margaret	Culver, Clenton
Cutting, Tweedy	Cannon, Wilton
Compton, Ruth	Dyex, James
Cox, Anna Mae	Dexter, Frederick
Cude, Erna	Funk, Walter
Dudley, Vollie	Furlow, Frank
Fitzgerald, Virginia	Folk, Dave
Funke, Helen	Golden, Paul
Gentry, Mildred	Gorski, Eugene
Hannah, Winnie	Hines, Creth
Huff, Laura	Keating, Richard
Holt, Euloia	Jones, Quenton
Huff, Cleo	Kirby, John
Hutton, Orlean	Mullinix, Teddy
Hardy, Agnes	Mortella, Ross
Jahoke, Henrietta	Marmion, J. B.
Jamison, Janie	Luck, George
Jamison, Laura	Porter, James
Jackson, Lila Bell	Perkins, David
Kinsman, Annie Lee	Pflughauft, Harold
Kennerley, Alice	Phelps, Ira
McLaughlin, Bessie	O'Niell, Joe
McArthur, Edna	Reynolds, Morey
Moffet, Doris	Shown, Burgeson
Menton, Nedra	Simpson, Tate
Newbanks, Elsie	Spain, August
Palmer, Laura	Suess, Alex
Pardue, Edna	Studney, Harvey
Rusinoioits, Alice	Schmidt, Cecil
Smith, Ruby	Turner, Etienne
Shannon, Dorothy	Tweedy, Thomas
Schomer, Jay	Wilder, Eugene
Stringfellow, Myrtle	Weaver, Buck
Upchurch, Blanche	Wilder, Charles
Welsh, Josie	



J.M.P.



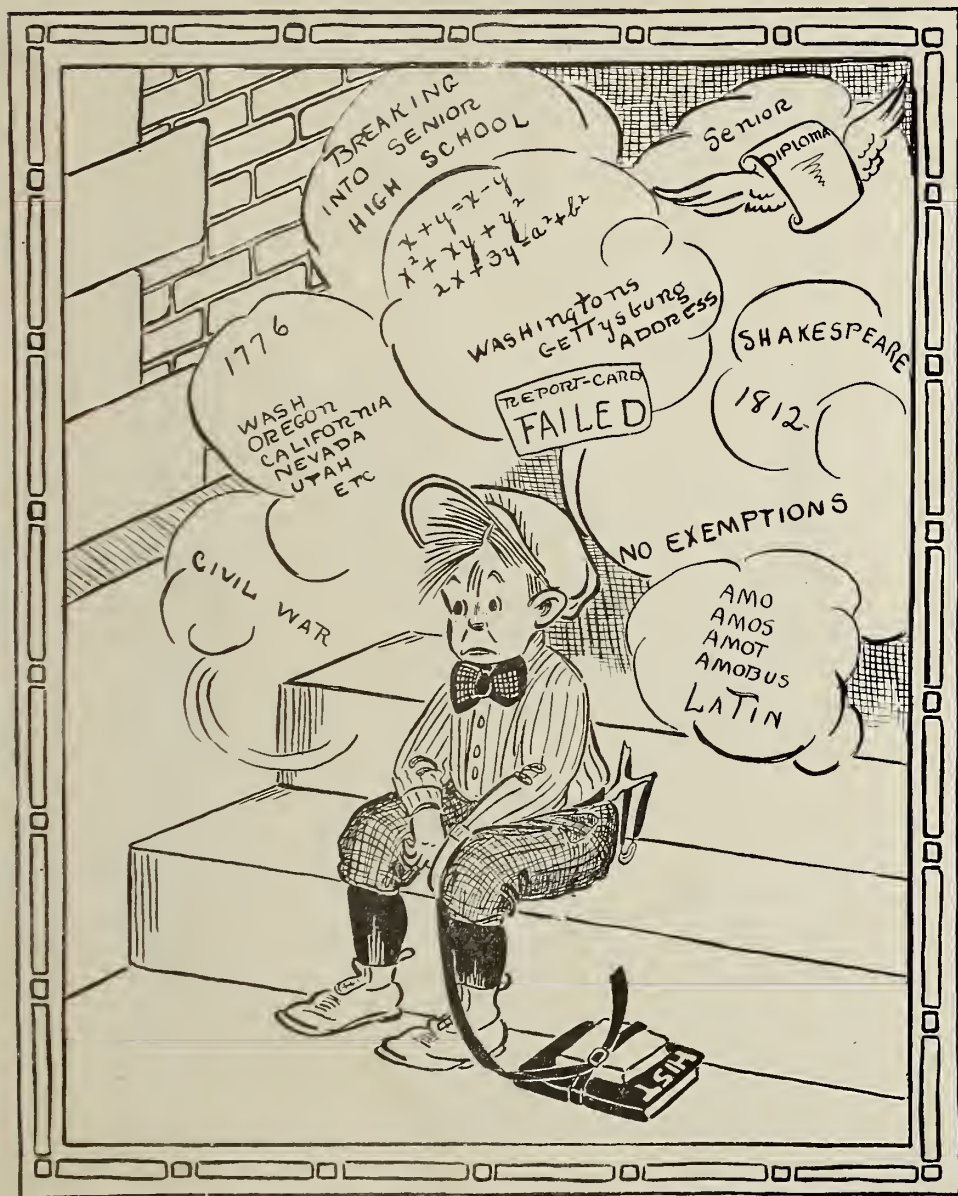
"Wooden Soldiers"

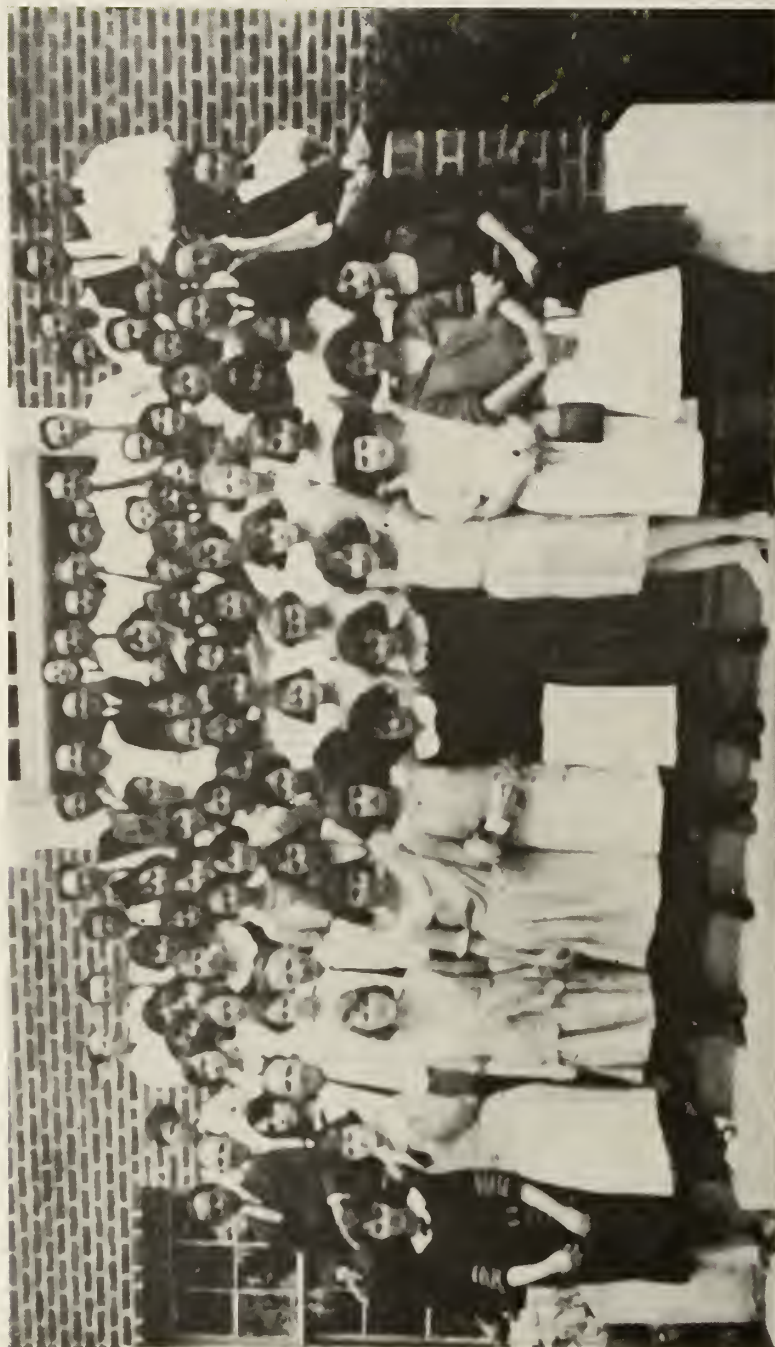


TAKE A SLANT



SOPHMORE





HIGH SOPHOMORES

Sophmore Class

OFFICERS

ALTON B. PARKER.....	President
J. W. KENEDY.....	Vice-President
WILLIE B. WHITE.....	Secretary
ELOUISE HALL.....	Treasurer

HIGH SOPHOMORES

Abel, Doris	Golden, Paul	Sanders, Raymond
Anderson, Frank	Hall, James	Savage, Margarite
Arnold, John	Harkness, James	Sebastian, Luella
Armstrong, Clarissa	Hathaway, Gilbert	Scott, Margarite
Anthony, Sarah	Harris, Levisa	Schurman, Helen
Barrow, Zylø	Herbert, Bernie	Gentry, Mildred
Bauer, Karen	Hawk, Monta J.	Shultz, Lois
Banta, Morris	Hudson, Joe	Semler, Fredabelle
Bruder, Willie	Islet, Elsa	Strickland, Vivian
Blackshear, Bernice	Isaac, Katherine	Sanderson, Arnold
Bayne, Harry	Ittigson, Leo	Tweedy, Thomas
Burnett, Willie Mae	Jensen, Lillie Mae	Thompson, Mary
Bunting, Lawton	Jefferis, Annie	Talley, Melvin
Bury, Charles	Johnson, Ruth	Thurman, Randolph
Bobb, Edith	Jackson, Bruce	Voebel, Gertrude
Bobbit, Ralph	Perkins, David	Wilson, Walter
Bush, Leon	Keppler, Carl	Welch, Lillian
Berman, Samuel	Keating, Shirley	Williams, Anna
Brooks, Myrtis	Kopecinski, Helen	Warwick, Ada
Brush, Nina Pearl	Kendricks, Michael	Wiggins, William
Cunningham, Idabelle	Long, Cora	Waite, Joe
Clark, Bessie	Lowry, Grace	Warhol, Anna
Compton, Jessie	Mullenix, Teddy	West, Lida May
Cain, John	Mortellra, Ross	West, Maxine
Clark, Vera	Miller, Harold	Wilbanks, Jack
Cmelka, Bohumel	Moss, Alice	Pillot, Christine
Taylor, Corynne	Marx, William	Lawrence, Ray
Duncan, Carlita	McGraw, Alline	Zan Follett
Diment, Zara	McKee, Doris	Lawther, Juanita
De Hilliers, Ollie	Overstreet, Lucille	Jeenes, Maxine
Eggling, Alfred	Opocensky, Williard	Farnsworthy, Jessie
Fund, Harold	Oliver, Charles	Denny, Lillian
Graff, Helen	Parsons, Harrison	Sikes, Ruby
Gideon, Thelma	Pratt, Grace	Snider, Harold
Goode, Gertrude	Roberts, Fannie	Janke, Elizabeth
Grambling, Mildred	Redman, Thelma	Funke, Helen



LOW SOPHOMORES

Low Sophmores

.....

Anderson, John	Kissel, Lola
Audry, Ferdinand	Koston, Dorothy
Audry, Marie Louise	Morgan, Edward
Bordages, Wheeler	Mendel, Rosa
Bostick, Cecil	McLaughlin, Liridell
Burnett, Joy	Peters, Allison
Brown, Bessie	Pruchicki, Alexandra
Brown, Alma Evans	Badgett, Evelyn
Byrd, Elsa Mae	Reynolds, Claude
Clompitte, Virginia	Rochester, Barbara
Cooper, Marguerite	Ramsey, Eunice
Clark, Crystal	Roberts, Ethel
Cheatham, Robert	Roberts, Elmer
Connolley, Frank	Serres, Hylerie
Danner, Joe Bailey	Strong, Douglas
Derrick, John	Seiler, Josephine
Ditto, Orén	Sprage, Doris
Derrick, Bernadine	Stein, Lorena
Ditto, Thelma	Shannon, Ethel Mae
Dixie, Margaret	Sinclair, Margorie
Emal, Opha	Skorupinski, Agnes
Evans, Willie Mae	Simmons, Bernice
Eberspacher, Helen	Swatloski, Cecilia
Frazier, Earl	Seliner, Frank
Funk, Emory	Voss, Coramae
Gard, Sam	Warner, William
Germany, Alma	Watson, Everett
Goodman, Mabel	Watson, Frank
Harrison, Beulah	Wilson, Frank
Harrington, Mary	Watson, Helen
Hart, Louis	Womack, Gladys
Jensen, Maxie	Webb, Charles
Jackson, Clifton	Woodward, Hal
Kibbe, Thelma	White, Edd L.
King, Evelyn	Woodruff, Don

A black and white photograph showing a large group of people, likely a crowd or a team, standing on a raised platform or bleachers. Many of the individuals are holding up cameras or signs, suggesting a public event or a team photo session. The crowd is dense, and the background features trees and a building. The overall scene conveys a sense of a significant public gathering or a formal occasion.

A black and white photograph showing a group of young women, likely members of a school or club, standing in a line outdoors. They are dressed in white dresses and dark jackets. Several of the women are holding flags, including the American flag. The background is slightly blurred, suggesting an outdoor setting with trees or a field. The overall tone is formal and organized.





Bonfire Tonite!!!!

ACTIVITIES

Josie M. Price '23

BOOK III



— JOSIE MAE PRICE —

Senior Activities



Following the Heights-Victoria football game, Gladys Williams entertained the two football teams. The home was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the colors of both schools. Pep and enthusiasm over the result of the game added to the success of the party and dancing was enjoyed throughout the evening.

The Senior Class social season opened by a Hallowe'en party given at the home of Ercelle Hunter. The house was gaily decorated with witches, cats, and pumpkins; with the lights turned low, it presented an ideal scene for ghosts and goblins. The guests came dressed in appropriate costumes and thoroughly enjoyed the numerous games and contests. As the time approached midnight, hot chocolate and cake were served.

A bright spot in the Christmas and New Year festivities was the Sponsor and Maids dance, given at the Club House, complimenting the Football team of '22. Dancing began at nine and the dances were listed in attractive programs. At ten favors of Maroon and White caps were distributed among the guests. The table which held the punch bowl was elaborately decorated with ferns and cut roses. The sponsor and her maids were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Stedman and Miss Laura Lee Stedman.

On January 24, 1923, the Senior class gave a skating party at the Rollaway Skating Rink to raise funds for the class. A large crowd of school boys and girls attended, and this different diversion afforded them much pleasure.



April Fool's Day



The annual observance of April Fool's Day was celebrated Friday, March 30, at Heights Senior High. The senior class adopted the day and arranged many original and clever penny sideshows in different class rooms over the building. At three o'clock in the auditorium, the big play, representing an old time school, was given and the admission fee was only three cents, which with money from sideshows added a small sum to the senior bank account. The seniors also sold red stick candy and lollypops. The little girls were dressed in their pretty aprons and wore big hair bows, and the little boys were dressed in their knee pants, socks, and big bow ties. Perhaps the cleverest costumes for the affair were those of Emily Hutson and Burton Cinclair. Burton represented a young widow who was trying to vamp all boys in the school and male members in the faculty. Emily was a quaint little girl in her big blue sunbonnet and blue apron, who pulled her little red wagon all day. Sometimes she hauled books and sometimes sold candy.

Senior Day



The customary Senior Day was observed on April 16. Excitement was running high as the seniors gathered at Heights High School ready to go to Sylvan Beach. Despite the rainy weather, at nine o'clock a large number left the school on trucks and in cars.

After a three hour ride in the rain, those on the trucks were greeted by a large crowd of Seniors who had more quickly reached the beach in their cars.

The Seniors welcomed lunch time and spread their lunches under the big green trees. While the sun shone, the girls and boys found fun in riding the "hobby horses" and "ferris wheel," and taking snap shots. When the rain began to pour, they were forced to seek shelter in the pavilion where dancing, bowling, and music were enjoyed.

The baseball team, the sponsor, and some loyal boosters of Central High School, who were in La Porte for a game, were unable to play ball because of the rain, and were invited to join in the dancing.

Seven o'clock came too soon for the pleasure seeking crowd, and everyone expressed a regret for the close of a happy day.

Mesdames Nairn, Waltrip, Stine, Morrison; Misses Williamson and Dukes; Messrs. Waltrip and Sell acted as chaperones.



The Football Sponsor Contest

The Football Sponsor contest, staged by the Athletic Association, was a close contest between several contestants. At the beginning Hattie Gene Stedman, Nellie Welsh, Anna Mae McCarty, Cora Louise Marmion, Bessie Hinton, Ruth King, Bessie Lewis, and Reita Gene Groves were the nominees. After the first week four of the girls were eliminated, and Hattie Gene Stedman, Nellie Welsh, Anna Mae McCarty, and Cora Louise Marmion were left to compete for the prize. After a week of electioneering, excitement was at high pitch, on Friday afternoon when Miss Hattie Gene Stedman was declared the winner by a majority of several hundred votes, and took her office as sponsor in the first game. For her maids she chose seven of the high school girls:—Bernice Barker, Ruth King, Nellie Welsh, Ercelle Hunter, Bessie Hinton, Cora Louise Marmion and Hazel Goodwin.



Junior-Senior Party

One of the most delightful events on the Junior's calendar is the Junior-Senior annual party, which was held at the home of Miss Florence Loock, Saturday, November 25, 1922, where about one hundred upper classmen assembled to participate in the amusements that the occasion afforded. The rooms were very artistically decorated with crepe paper in the school colors, and the same color scheme was very effectively carried out during the evening. Many forms of entertainment were offered, among which "Hearts" and "Forty-Two" were the most popular; about midnight a very delightful ice course was served, which everyone enjoyed. Altogether the affair was a great success because of the faithful co-operation of the two classes and the helpful advice of Miss Louise Carleton, the junior class sponsor.

The Football Banquet

The Annual Football Banquet was held at Heights Senior High School banquet hall, December 15, 1922. The room was beautifully decorated in Maroon and White and Christmas colors. The long table, covered with the school colors, was decorated with numerous sprays of yupon. A Santa Claus placard held the name of each player. Beside the Maroon and White mint cup was a tiny football souvenir for each guest. Speeches were made by prominent boosters of the Heights. "Andy" of the Houston Post made a speech on the results of the game. In all the speeches, the team was complimented on their clean sportsmanship shown during the Heights-Central game.

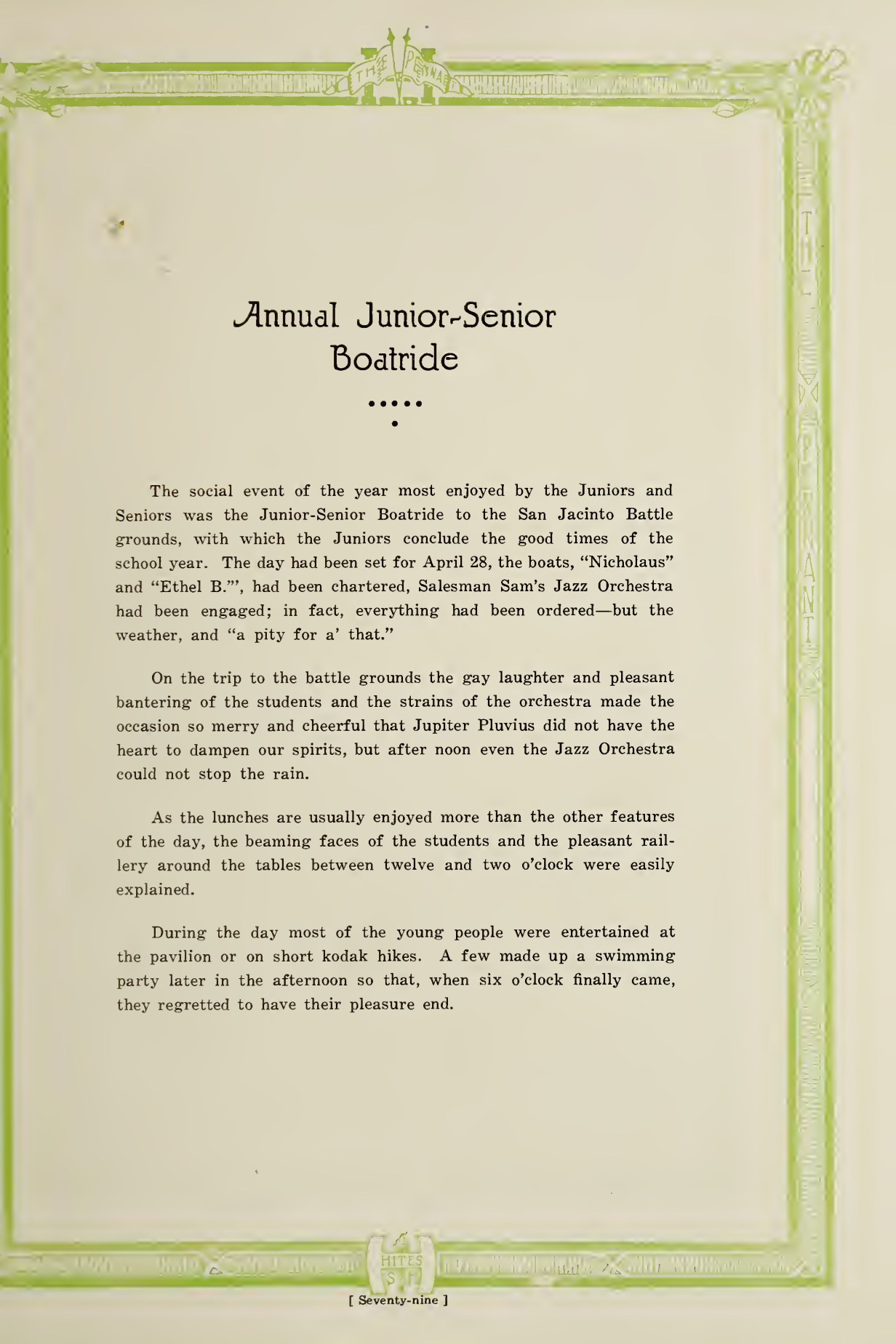
Eighteen men on the team were awarded letters and J. B. Marmion was elected to head the Heights Bulldogs in 1923.



The Basketball Banquet

All the members of the basketball team assembled at the Y. M. C. A. building for the annual basketball banquet on April 13, 1923. The team was addressed by several prominent men, who praised the team for their splendid team work. Mr. Ross Clark told of the trip the Triangles took into Mexico, and the possibility of the same trip for the Heights team if they proved successful. After the letters were awarded to the members of the team, Bob Stampp was unanimously chosen to lead the Heights Cagers next year.





Annual Junior-Senior Boatride



The social event of the year most enjoyed by the Juniors and Seniors was the Junior-Senior Boatride to the San Jacinto Battle grounds, with which the Juniors conclude the good times of the school year. The day had been set for April 28, the boats, "Nicholaus" and "Ethel B.", had been chartered, Salesman Sam's Jazz Orchestra had been engaged; in fact, everything had been ordered—but the weather, and "a pity for a' that."

On the trip to the battle grounds the gay laughter and pleasant bantering of the students and the strains of the orchestra made the occasion so merry and cheerful that Jupiter Pluvius did not have the heart to dampen our spirits, but after noon even the Jazz Orchestra could not stop the rain.

As the lunches are usually enjoyed more than the other features of the day, the beaming faces of the students and the pleasant rail-lery around the tables between twelve and two o'clock were easily explained.

During the day most of the young people were entertained at the pavilion or on short kodak hikes. A few made up a swimming party later in the afternoon so that, when six o'clock finally came, they regretted to have their pleasure end.



NO
IT ISNT



KIDS IS KIDS



FOOLISH FOTOS



YES WE HAVE A VARIETY



OH YOU WICKED
WAMP YOU HAVE
STOLEN OUR HART



EMILY AND — ???

THEATRICAL



JOSIE MAE PRICE

Thanksgiving Play

The Thanksgiving Program of 1922, presented to the student body was sponsored by the Junior Class of '23. Kenneth Leaman, vice-president of the class, gave a short talk on the first Thanksgiving celebrated by the Pilgrims. A one-act play, "The First Thanksgiving Dinner", was presented by the following members of the Junior class:

Captain Miles Standish.....	Jack Shannon
John Alden.....	Leon Burton
Herbert Winslow.....	Bertram Parker
Elder Bruster.....	Kenneth Crammond
Giles Harner.....	John Rose
Priscilla Mullens.....	Evelyn Johnson
Betty Bruster.....	Ruth King
Dame Bruster.....	Cora Louise Marmion
Patience Harner.....	Louise Norman



Hi-Y Vaudeville

One of the most interesting programs of the year was a vaudeville by the Hi-Y club. The program showed a great amount of originality.

The musical portion of the program included an overture by the school orchestra. The violin solo, rendered by Daniel Lubowski was an important feature. Rudolph Coles, Miss Roger, and Miss Garrison contributed vocal numbers.

THE TRIAL OF MISS FLIM FLAM FLAPPER, a comedy given by the Heights Y Club, was enthusiastically received. The one act comedy staged by the Hi Y boys was very amusing. William Morgan, an English lord; Eugene Farren, an ardent lover; Bessie Hinton, the object of his affections; and Alton Parker, her father, were the characters; the scenes were very true to life.

An attractive dance, "Steps of 1923," by Miss Geraldine Cole, and "The Pyramid", some juggling stunts by Mr. Snapps tumbling class, and a magician act by Baker Armstrong, concluded the program.

The Kingdom of Heart's Content

The Junior Class of 1923 presented a "jolly-well-good," three-act, college comedy, "The Kingdom of Heart's Content," in the Heights Senior High School Auditorium, April 5th, 1923. The scenes of the play were laid in the Lansing summer cottage and town house, Colorado, where many thrilling events occurred, which unraveled the thread of the plot and aided several young people in finding "The Kingdom of Heart's Content."

The participants were Misses Evelyn Johnson, Cora Louise Marmion, Autrey Stamm, Winifred Chollier, Clara Beth Dean, Nellie Banta, Allie Leatherbery, Ruth King, Louise Norman, Opal Bunting, Loura Huff; J. B. Marmion, Alton Tidmore, Kenneth Leaman, Jack Ogg, Lamar Murray and Ben Power.

During the intermission several selections were rendered by the "Water Pipe Fitters" orchestra.

"Big Majestic"

The first "Big Majestic," the Senior stunt show, was sponsored by the Senior Class in the school auditorium on January 11, 1923. The auditorium was filled with people who enjoyed the nine snappy acts presented.

- A. THE PENNANT STAFF
Kays, Fulton, Witte, Sell, Fite, Palmer, Price, Goodwin, Luke, Hutson.
- B. BLUE
Hinton-Fite. Chorus.
- C. MORGAN-PARKER
Dusky navigators on high seas of nonsense—Sinclair-Grambling.
- D. BIG FOUR
Kays, Westfall, Roco, Daniels.
- E. YOU CAN'T BEAT BETTY
Lewis, L. Hubly, V. Hubly, Barrick, Morrison, Pond, Alessandro.
- F. THE WONDERFUL MUSICIAN
Daniel Lubowski; accompanied by Anna Lubowski.
- G. DANCING GENIUS
Keeton.
- H. GRAPPLING DEMONS
Sinclair, Fite, Golden and Wilder.
- I. THE LATEST OUT
Hindy and Ellis. Chorus—Purdy, Biggs, Brooks, Balch, Barrow, Barker, Price.

The Spanish Follies

The Spanish Follies, presented by "La Tolteca," April 23rd, was an overwhelming success. Each act was well applauded by the audience, particularly "My Spanish Rose," in which Misses Lewis, Kelly and Richardson took part. The program included:

- A. Selection.....High School Orchestra
- B. Mexican Melodies.....Mr. J. L. Garjon
Mrs. Gibler and Mr. Calsado, Accompanists
- C. Musical Saw.....Mr. Barragan
Mrs. Waltrip, Accompanist
- D. La Tolteca Quartette.....Boyle, Lawrence, Blackstone and Parker
- E. Dance—"Old Spain".....Miss M. Donovan and Mr. H. Fite
- F. Violin Selections.....Miss A. Reeves
- G. Piano Solo.....Miss A. Lubowski
- H. Popular Mexican Songs.....Miss T. Heideman
- I. "My Spanish Rose".....Misses Richardson and Lewis

French Play

The French Club of Heights Senior presented in the Heights Senior auditorium Wednesday evening at eight o'clock the first French play given by a high school club in Houston. The entire play was in French and the critics of the evening declared it to be extraordinary for high school students. The personnel of the play, "Le Medecin," included:

- Ganarelle, a drunkard.....Ruth Sell
- Luciarede, advocate.....Edwin Torian
- Martine, Ganarelle's wife.....Clara Beth Dean
- Geronte, his daughter.....Lucille Hutton
- Robert, a neighbor.....Eugene Farren
- Lucas, a maid.....Viola Price
- Valere, a servant.....Sam Brockenstein

The cast sang at the conclusion of the play, "Miami d'Armour." The picture show, "Au Bard de la Saone," of beautiful French scenes, was shown during the evening and the entertainment was closed with "Les Marseilles," sung by the entire French club.

"Big Majestic"

The second "Big Majestic" was staged by the Senior Class in the school auditorium on April 13th and 14th. Both shows were well attended and patrons enjoyed thirteen brilliant stunts.

- A. Wooden Soldier Chorus.....Captain Bruce Hill
Music, Luella Sebastian
- B. Monologue Kemper
- C. Y. M. C. A. Quartette—
Rudolph Roco, Earl Kays, Theo. Blackstone, Ralph Westfall
- D. Dancing Pigmies.
- E. Dialogue.....Stavro Leopard, Ward Kemper
- F. Flapper and Jelly Bean.....Hattie Gene Stedman, Bessie Hinton
- G. Dana—Donovan—Fite.
- H. Egg Stunt.....Alton Parker, William Morgan, Bessie Hinton
- I. Eck's Orchestra.....Eck, J. B., Lamar, Burton, Searle, Alice
- J. MonologueAustin Hart
- K. Chorus.
- L. Courthouse Scene—
Lawrence, Simpson, Parker, Blackstone, Morgan, Hinton.
- M. King Tut—
Torian, Cox, Porter, Shannon, Kissel, Donovan, Stetler, Fite
and Rose.

"The Old Maids' Convention"

"The Old Maids' Convention," one of the most humorous programs of the year, was given by the Parent-Teachers Association, under the direction of Mrs. E. F. Zirbeb.

The care-free janitress, Miss Helen Weatherford, failed to meet with the approval of the dignified spinisters, who arrived discussing the topics of the day. The president, Mrs. R. Perkins, called the meeting to order and the important business followed. The literary program, a special number of which was a solo by Mary Ann Barns (Mrs. E. D. Wicks), was only begun when Prof. Makerneau, (Mr. E. B. Studebaker), arrived and demonstrated the transformer.

"After the Game"

"After the Game," a two-act comedy, was presented by the Heights Y Dramatic Club, March 6th, Mrs. Glynn B. Hines directing. The play was a great success from a financial and a dramatic standpoint. The Hi-Y boys gave a clever sketch during the intermission, and Ann Lubowski played several piano selections. The cast of the play was as follows:

Nancy Norris.....	{	Grave and	{Mildred Fulton
Elizabeth Earls.....	{	Reverent Seniors	{Glady Lake
Katherine Kerr.....	{	Gay and	{Jeanette Hall
Marie Murston	{	Festive	{Alice Golden
Patricia Peyton.....	{	Juniors	{Florence Schley
Virginia Randolph	{	Lighthearted and	{Virginia Farr
	{	Loquacious Sophs	{Myrtle Menefee
Florence Vernon.....	{	Meek and	{Billie Christensen
Francis Hall.....	{	Submissive	{Virginia Landis
Theodora Lee.....	{	Freshmen	{Marguerite Kullenberg
Jane, a maid.....			Rowana Inman

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

ACT I. Nan's room—After the dance.

ACT II. Same as Act I.—After the game and after the man.

Time: The Present.

Place: A college town.

Class Night Program



March	Orchestra
President's Address.....	Wm. Morgan
Class Poem.....	Madge Barrick
Class History.....	Alice Golden
Class Phrophecy.....	Austin Hart
Giftorian Jingles.....	H. E. Henrichsen and Jeanette Hall
Class Will.....	Harry Kissel
Class Play.....	"Anne What's Her Name."



Class Night Play



Anthony Wheat.....	Cecil Farr
Burkes—His Valet.....	Bruce Hill
Marjorie Bunby.....	Marguerite Kullenberg
Aunt Julia.....	Gladys Lake
Barbara Bunby.....	Bessie Hinton
Willie Peabody, the boy next door.....	Edwin Torian
Grandma.....	Fern Buckles
Louise Byers.....	Ruth Williams
Judge Bunby.....	Austin Hart
Doctor Aked.....	Charles Wimberly
Mooney, the Maid.....	Aileen Sanders
Nancy Brown.....	Aileen Mulvogue
Doran, a Detective.....	Andrew Knight
Ebenezer Whittle, the Judges nephew.....	Otho Head
Mrs. Ebenezer Whittle.....	Hattie Gene Stedman
The two little Whittles.....	Billy Christensen and Mildred Cronan
Prologue—Tony Wheat's Apartment. "What has happened to Anzizi?"	
Act I.—Living Room of Judge Bunby's house. "What is the trouble at the Bunby's?"	
Act II—The same. What will happen to Ebenezer? Is the operation going to be successful?	
Act III—The same. Who is Anne? What's her name?	





A Study in Black + White



Well! Well!



As I was saying—



Bootlegger



Ladies + Gentlemen



Ma! Oh, Ma!



Child! Child!
You'll sprain
your eyes



Lollypop Brigade



Lord Lubowski
+ Lady Stetler

Page The Boys



Kandy Kids
Madge + Co.
candy
Distributers



Girls' always
fall for a pair
of trousers.



I see defect.



Everybody loves
a baby.



Blue?? maybe



"Wilsonian" Literary Club



The High School Orchestra.



-Le Cercle Française-

CLUBS



JOSIE MAE PRICE '23

Booster Club



OFFICERS

Bruce Hill.....	Chief Booster
J. B. Marmion, Jr.....	Assistant Chief Booster
Alice Golden.....	Scribe Booster
H. E. Henrichsen.....	Cash Booster
Alton Parker.....	Yell Booster
Harvey Fite.....	Song Booster
Miss Louise Carleton.....	Song Booster

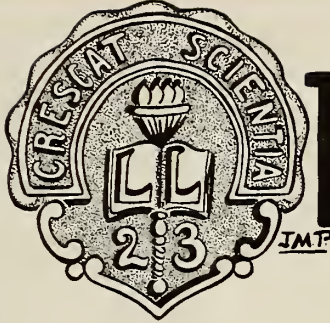
The **Booster Club**, which was first organized in 1921 with Frank Hines as Chief Booster and Miss Elizabeth Dukes as Sponsor, is still true to the name of "Booster." The main purpose of the club is to boost the social, intellectual, and athletic activities of the Heights and of the High School. An unusual development of school spirit and loyalty has been brought about by the activity of this club.

The **Booster Club** takes great pride in saying that there is nothing in the School Auditorium which was not paid for by the Club. The money was earned by the dues, and the sale of candy, pennants, and armbands. During the past year the club has paid for the stage scenery and bought an Edison talking machine.

The Auditorium, however, is not the only object of the efforts of the club. While football was in season, the club boosted every game. Especially at the Central game was the work of the organization recognized. The club has boosted all the other athletic activities, having numerous "pep meetings" to arouse interest and to obtain the students' co-operation. Particularly was the track the result of the club's efforts.

This organization has meant much to the students of the school and has made loyalty and patriotism mean more than mere words.

LEGIO



LATINA

OFFICERS

President..... Louise Norman
Secretary-Treasurer..... Mary Joe Inkley
Vice-President..... Kristine Mortensen
Reporter..... Mildred Fulton

Legio Latina was organized in the fall term of 1921 with Mildred Fulton as president, and Dorothy Drees as vice-president. The club was formed in order to supplement the Latin work of the class rooms. Many interesting things were learned concerning the customs of the Romans, and several Roman literary characters were studied.

In 1922 John Palmer was elected president of the club, Louise Norman, vice-president, Mary Joe Inkley, secretary-treasurer, and Mildred Fulton, reporter. The club has grown considerably in numbers, and more has been accomplished this year than was last year. Among the things done by the club was the adoption of a club pin.

As the president, John Palmer, graduated in January, the vice-president, Louise Norman, was elected president, and Kristine Mortensen was elected vice-president. The work of the club continues to be very interesting and instructive.

La Tolteca



The termination of the second term marks the end of the third successful year of "La Tolteca." The club was organized to increase the knowledge of and the interest in the Spanish language and customs. Believing that only through familiarizing themselves with Spanish interests and ideals the members would accomplish their ends, the club had at each meeting an interesting and beneficial program in Spanish.

Many entertainments have been given, prominent among them a Spanish supper and dance at the Heights Conservatory of Music. Many Spanish enthusiasts of the city were present. Each wore his Spanish costume and enjoyed the glimpse of old Spain.

The "Spanish Follies" was successful because of Searle Lawrence, chairman of the program committee; Herman Krakower, business manager, and Mr. Mercado, supervisor.

Attractive designs for club pins were adopted, due to the hearty co-operation of the present members. To Miss Margaret Houliston, chairman of the ring committee, thanks are given.

Without the advice of the capable sponsor, Senor Mercado, the club accomplishments would not have been so great. He succeeded Miss Cox, organizer of the club in 1920. Also to George Shoquist, treasurer, much credit is due. Miss Philetus Shannon, secretary-treasurer for the fall term, and Bertha Schulte, social committee chairman, proved great assets to the club. Raymond King, Clara Ross, Margaret Woodward, Blanch Upchurch, Buford Luke, Florence Schley and Stuart Boyle deserve special mention for their loyal support. Miss Roney has helped greatly by encouraging the sophomores to join the club.

The president, in behalf of all the officers, wishes to extend his hearty appreciation to every member for his loyal support, which has caused the club to be the most active organization of the school.





Searle Lawrence
President



Herman Krakower
Sec. & Reporter



George Shogunst
Treasurer



Philetus Shannon
Treas. & Rep.
of Fall Term



Bertha Schulte
Chair Prog Com.
Fall Term



J.J. Mercado Jr.
Sponsor

(The Club Members-)



El Trabajo hace la vida agradable — Motto—

Jasie Mae Price

Le Cercle Francais



OFFICERS

President.....	Alice Golden
Vice-President.....	Josie Mae Price
Secretary and Treasurer.....	Clara Beth Dean

The French Club, better known as "Le Cercle Francais", has progressed rapidly under the leadership of its sponsor, Madam Chollier. The purpose of "Le Cercle Francais" is to create an interest in the study of French among the high school students.

Included in the social activities of the club were the party and dance given at the home of Miss Florence Loochs, one of the club members; a play in the high school auditorium; and moving pictures of scenes in France.

Through the kindness of the Bureau of Foreign Education, American students studying French have been permitted to correspond with French students studying English. These letters have formed the basis of pleasing glimpses into real French life.

The Wilsonian Literary Society

MOTTO: Simplicity is the Sign of Greatness

COLORS: Blue and White

FLOWER: Bluebonnet

The past year has been one of the most successful for the Wilsonian Literary Society, not only because of the increase in membership but also because of the growing and absorbing interest of the students of history and English in literature, American and otherwise. The club has for the most part devoted its activities to the development of interest and self-expression in literature. In carrying out this purpose, it has resorted to an infinite variety of programs, original plays, stories, debates, poems, and lectures. The club programs, though purely literary, do not lack wit or humor, and they are always beneficial to the students. On one occasion, the meeting was dedicated to the appreciation of the lives and writings of American naturalists, and at another time to American statesmen.

The most unique feature of the club is the beautiful scrap-book, presented by our sponsors, Misses Elizabeth Dukes and Belle Williamson, to contain the society's collection of clippings and articles of literary value, which will become invaluable for reference to club members of the following years. The personal and unceasing effort of our worthy sponsors has ever been an asset and a telling influence on the progress of better speech and those qualities which designate the Club Man.

MEMBERSHIP ROLL

Philetus Shannon.....	President 1922
Stavro Leppard.....	President 1923
Mildred Fulton.....	Vice-President 1923
Emily Hutson.....	Secretary-Treasurer

Clarissa Armstrong	Maxine Jeanes	Edward Prather
Bernice Barker	Harry Kissel	Josie Mae Price
Madge Barrick	Beth Landwher	John Rose
Fern Buckles	Juanita Lawther	Aileen Sanders
Billie Christenson	Bessie Lewis	Florence Schley
Mary Louise Culver	Frances Mangum	Luella Sebastian
Eugene Farren	Anna Mae McCarty	Jack Shannon
Alice Golden	Evelyn Mills	Bertha Schulte
Jeanette Hall	Helen Morrison	Hattie Gene Stedman
Evangeline Hayden	Kristine Mortensen	Alice Stettler
Bruce Hill	Gilbert Morton	Nellie Welsh
Bessie Hinton	John Palmer	Durward Witte
Erselle Hunter	Margaret Pond	James Porter
Elizabeth Janke		

Hi-Y Club

Four years ago the Heights Senior Hi-Y Club was organized at the Junior High School building. The club has grown to such an extent that its influence is being felt not only in the Heights but among all the other Hi-Y Clubs of the city.

The purpose of the Hi-Y Club is "to create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community the high standards of Christian living." The objectives of the Club are popularly stated in the following slogan: "Clean Living, Clean Speech, Clean Athletics, and Clean Scholarship." This means contagious Christian living.

The following is the list of officers and members of the Heights Hi-Y Club:

Mr. Fred Newland.....	Advisor	
Carroll Cox.....	President	
Alton Parker.....	Vice-President	
Stewart Boyle.....	Secretary-Treasurer	
Earl Kays	Bob Stamp	Paul Golden
Creth Hines	Buddy Kendricks	Alton Tidmore
H. E. Henrichsen	Raymond Saunders	W. D. Blair
Francis Blackstone	Geo. Luck	Robert Waltrip
Frank White	Wm. Morgan	Searl Lawrence
Guy Hastings	A. D. Simpson, Jr.	Jay Bertrand
Austin Hart	Lamar Murray	Don Longcope
Luis Hart	Ray Lawrence	



Musical Clubs

Although the music department is the newest one in the school, having been organized in 1922, music is one of the most popular subjects among the students. This year the orchestra, consisting of 16 instruments, has done exceedingly good work. The orchestra featured on several school entertainments, and also played at Taylor school where they were complimented highly by the music critics of the city. A jazz orchestra was a clever stunt at the Heights-Central football game.

The choral club, a club of mixed voices, is one of the best mixed choruses in any part of the city. Besides giving the entire Christmas program and singing at several school entertainments, the choral club gave three numbers on the program at the city auditorium on the occasion of the high school musical program at the end of the observance of music week.

With the never tiring efforts of Miss Edna Dawson, the teacher and director, the music department is sure to continue the work already begun, and to increase in numbers and efficiency.

Heights Y Dramatic — Club —

MRS. G. B. HINES, Director



OFFICERS

Alice Golden.....	General Manager
Mildred Fulton.....	Business Manager
Rowena Inman.....	Publicity Manager
Gladys Lake.....	Property Manager
Virginia Farr.....	Stage Manager
Myrtle Menefee.....	Costume Designer

MEMBERS

Jeanette Hall	Ilvey Boulet
Ruth Gibbs	Virginia Landis
Mildred Cronan	Billie Christensen
Marguerite Kullenberg	Luella Sebastian
Florence Schley	Evangeline Hayden
Reita Jean Groves	Bernice Barker

The "Heights Y Dramatic Club" was organized by a group of girls in the "Heights Y" Club for the purpose of giving financial support to the "Heights Y" club, especially to the conference fund.

Under the supervision and direction of Mrs. Glynn B. Hines, the club has not only been able to carry out its purposes by giving several plays, but also has received valuable instruction in dramatic work. On March 6, 1923, the first play "After the Game" was presented. The play proved a success. Many tickets were sold, bringing to the club the sum of \$31.85.

The club is now enthusiastically working on another play, "The House in Laurel Lane", for presentation in the near future. May the club live long and prosper much, is the sincere wish of all its present members.



The Girl Reserves of "Heights Y" Club



PURPOSE

The purpose of the "Heights Y" Club shall be to develop Christian girl citizenship and to promote a spirit of friendship everywhere.

OFFICERS

President.....	Alice Golden
Secretary.....	Alma Reeves
Vice-President.....	Madge Barrick
Treasurer.....	Gladys Lake

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Program.....	Mildred Fulton
Social.....	Ruth King
Service.....	Virginia Farr
Athletic.....	Lurline Gentry
Publicity.....	Mary Joe Inkley
Reporter.....	Helen Morrison
Representative on Inter-Club Council.....	Myrtle Menefee

ADVISERS

Mrs. James Dain; Mrs. C. J. Isenhour; Mrs. Byrd Creekmore; Mrs. E. E. Morrison; Miss Olive Stone, Girl Reserve Secretary.

1922-1923 SPECIALTIES

Welcome Week, Hallowe'en Frolic, Festival of Nations, Circus, Trip Round the Globe, (party), Health Carnival, Book Day, Vocational Journey, College Week, Tennis Tournament, Swimming Meet, Senior Farewell, Annual Luncheon.





Tennis Champs



The Club

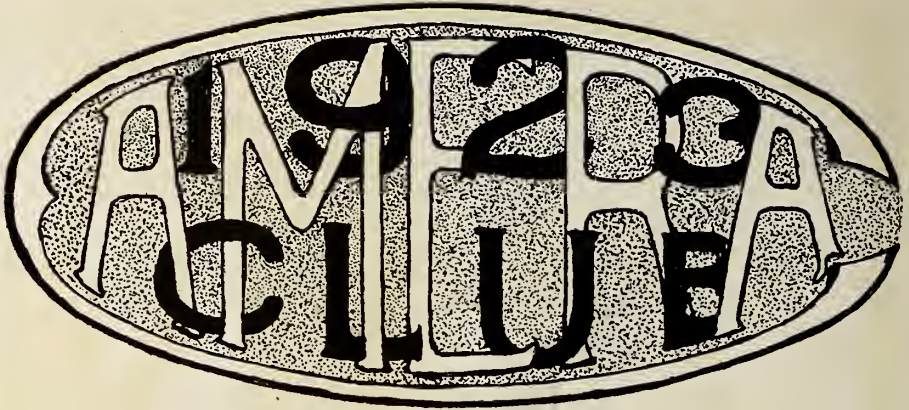
Y
W
C
A



Y Cabinet



Dramatic Club



President William Morgan
Secretary Ruth Purdy

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Alton Parker

Bessie Hinton

Winifred Biggs

The purpose of the Camera Club is to promote in the student body the study of the fine art of photography. At the first meeting, which was held January 12, 1922, the activities of the year were planned. The club was organized primarily to promote better development and printing of pictures. As a result of this object, no social events were planned although many pleasant and profitable hours were spent in making snap shots, and developing and printing them.

BREAK BREAK BREAK

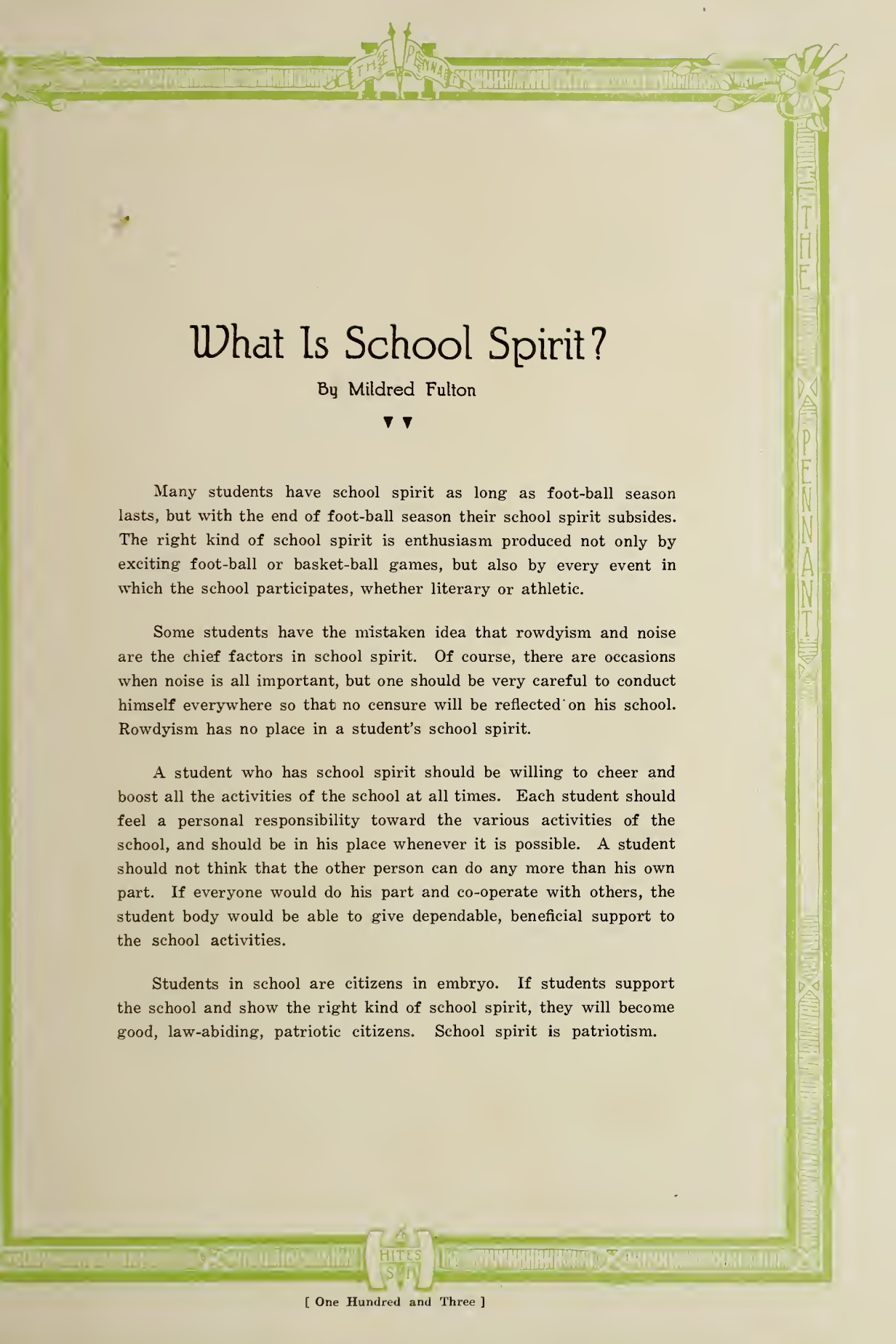
BREAK BREAK BREAK,
ON THE COLD GREY STONES, O' SEA
AND THINGS THAT MY TONGUE COULD UTTER
THE THINGS THAT ARISE IN ME.

AND THE STately SHIPS GO ON
TO THEIR HAVEN UNDER THE HILL,
BUT I FOR THE JOY OF STUDIES PAST,
FOR THE SOUND OF A BELL THAT IS STILL!

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK,
BY THE TIDE OF THE GRAVE, O' SEA!
BUT THE MEMORIES DEAR OF SCHOOL
WILL NEVER COME BACK TO ME.



LITERARY



What Is School Spirit?

By Mildred Fulton

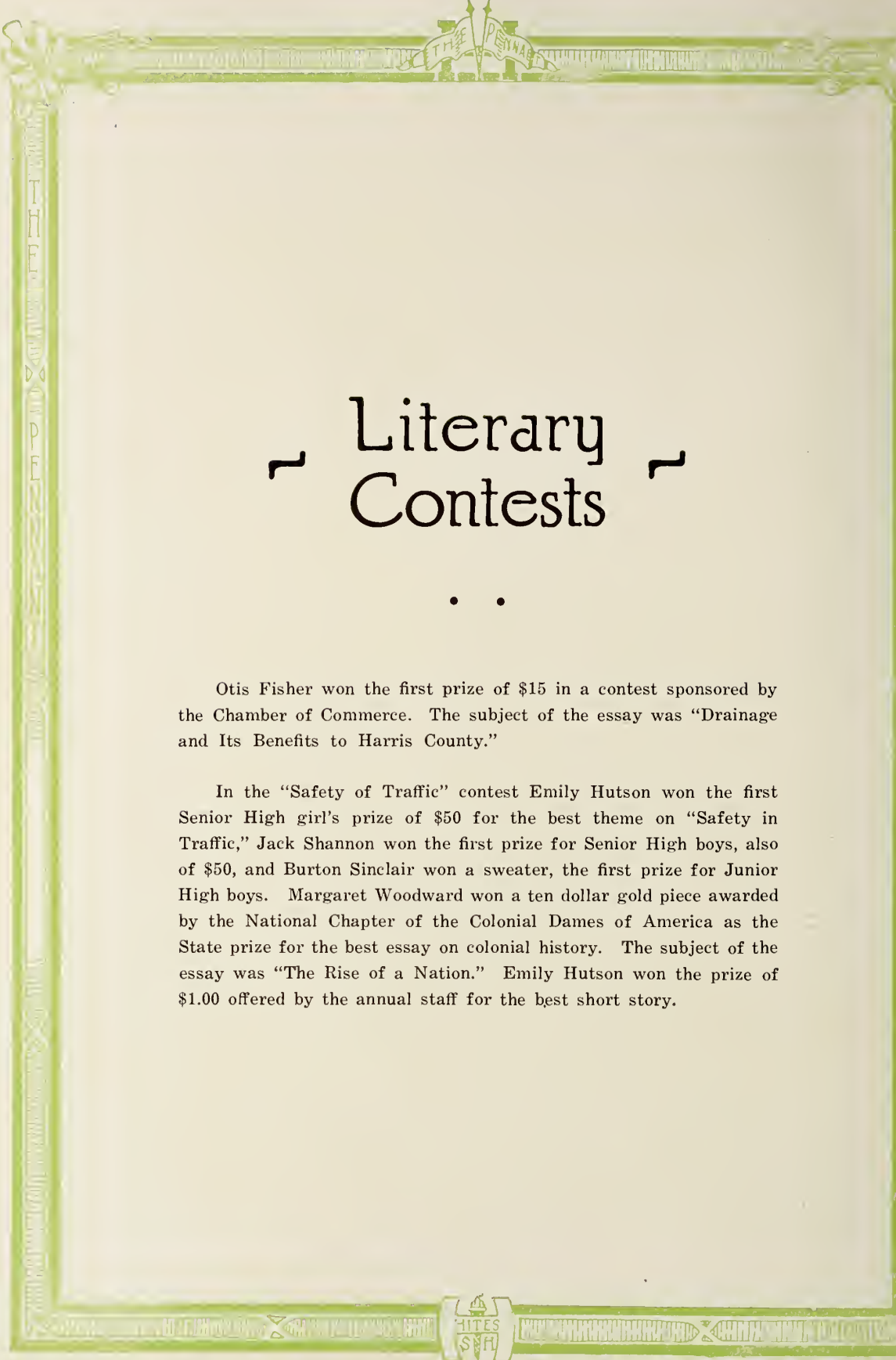


Many students have school spirit as long as foot-ball season lasts, but with the end of foot-ball season their school spirit subsides. The right kind of school spirit is enthusiasm produced not only by exciting foot-ball or basket-ball games, but also by every event in which the school participates, whether literary or athletic.

Some students have the mistaken idea that rowdyism and noise are the chief factors in school spirit. Of course, there are occasions when noise is all important, but one should be very careful to conduct himself everywhere so that no censure will be reflected on his school. Rowdyism has no place in a student's school spirit.

A student who has school spirit should be willing to cheer and boost all the activities of the school at all times. Each student should feel a personal responsibility toward the various activities of the school, and should be in his place whenever it is possible. A student should not think that the other person can do any more than his own part. If everyone would do his part and co-operate with others, the student body would be able to give dependable, beneficial support to the school activities.

Students in school are citizens in embryo. If students support the school and show the right kind of school spirit, they will become good, law-abiding, patriotic citizens. School spirit is patriotism.



Literary Contests

• •

Otis Fisher won the first prize of \$15 in a contest sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce. The subject of the essay was "Drainage and Its Benefits to Harris County."

In the "Safety of Traffic" contest Emily Hutson won the first Senior High girl's prize of \$50 for the best theme on "Safety in Traffic," Jack Shannon won the first prize for Senior High boys, also of \$50, and Burton Sinclair won a sweater, the first prize for Junior High boys. Margaret Woodward won a ten dollar gold piece awarded by the National Chapter of the Colonial Dames of America as the State prize for the best essay on colonial history. The subject of the essay was "The Rise of a Nation." Emily Hutson won the prize of \$1.00 offered by the annual staff for the best short story.

The Flaming Sword of the Clan McGregor

By Emily Hutson

High up in the heart of the Scottish Highlands can still be seen the ruin of an ancient castle. It is situated on a high, windswept cliff; the only means of approaching it is a narrow road that winds its tortuous way up one side. On all other sides a steep, smooth precipice meets the eye, revealing the dark tops of trees and jagged rocks far below. Its very isolation spreads mystery over the surrounding country. Many years ago, the place was a great mass of towers and battlements, Conygree, the stronghold of the famous Clan McGregor. This fierce and warlike tribe was once one of the most powerful clans of Scotland. Its people were a wild unconquerable race of giants, trained to bear arms from childhood.

Early on the frosty morning of February 1, 1587, a young girl stood by one of the high, arching windows of the armory, gazing intently down the road, which the window overlooked, where a small black spot was gradually growing larger and taking the form of a horseman. Riding low in the saddle and urging the poor beast beneath him on to all that was in it, he flew rapidly over the pure white snow, disappearing now and then as he followed the winding of the narrow path.

The girl by the window was Flora McGregor, the beautiful daughter of Duncan McGregor, head of the Clan. Her face was exquisite, the features delicately chiseled; the eyes, large and quaintly slanted, were of the dark, unfathomable blue of the deep sea; heavy bronze-red hair hung in thick waves to her knees. Most wonderful of all, however, was her tallness—from her crown to her heels she towered a full six feet, as straight and slender as a sapling, and so perfectly was she formed that this height, so unusual in a woman, was but an added grace.

Behind her, the heavy hanging that covered the entrance to the room were pushed aside and two men entered. Both were very tall, the older more heavily built than the younger, who bore a striking re-

semblance to the girl. The first was Duncan McGregor, known to the civilized world as the Earl of Conygree, but called The McGregor by his people. There was no trace of his three score years, either in his thick red hair or in the springing gait and erect carriage with which he strode across the room. His companion was his nephew, Sir John McGregor, a man in the prime of life. He too had red hair, which he wore curling to his shoulders. This, with a small painted mustache and a polished manner, showed his recent return from the royal court.

"Here she is," cried The McGregor in a booming voice. "I told thee, Jack, that she was fond of the martial atmosphere. Come, Flora, my lass, and show thy cousin that thou canst handle the foils."

"Wouldst try a bout, cousin Flo?" called Sir John lightly from the doorway. "Mine uncle hath bragged much of the strength and tricks of thy fair, white arm."

"Nay, father," said the girl, turning with a ready laugh for her cousin, "come thou instead, to the window and watch this reckless horseman coming towards us. See how he flies that nasty, selving bowler at the last turning; now he nears the gates. Surely it is one of our own men, for no other would know the road so well."

Her father leaned far out of the window, and, as the horseman rode into the courtyard, he cried out excitedly: "It's Rob McIntosh, come from England. No other could take Conygree road so hell-a-bent. I must go down to him."

Sir John laughed, but Flora moved anxiously toward Duncan, saying, "Rob's face looked alarmed, father. Dost thou think it bad news?"

"Nay, nay, child," said the McGregor, waying her away, "t'was but the sight of our three red pates hanging out the window," and he disappeared behind the curtains.

The instant he was gone, Flora turned and went swiftly to her cousin.

"Jack," he cried, "news from England means news of Mary Stuart. Oh, Jack, Jack, how could ye turn the traitor that thou are, and desert Scotland in her sore need?"

Sir John recoiled in sheer amazement, and, thrown off his guard he exclaimed, "How did—?"

She interrupted him, "Thou didst tell me thyself. Dost thou not

remember, that even when I was very young, people's thoughts told me things sometimes, that they had never spoken? I know how thou hast betrayed Babington, deserted Hamilton, and borne false witness against poor Mary of Scotland."

He made no attempt to disguise his guilt, but, like a fool, he tried to justify it.

"Babington was already doomed," he fairly spat out, "I merely saved my own neck. I have no relish for a death on the black, my bonny cousin."

"Thou are not worth such a death, Jack McGregor," she returned scornfully.

Then whirling around so swiftly that the long train of her green robe wound around her feet, she stood like an angry statue, pointing toward the McGregor coat of arms, hanging on the wall and surrounded by trophies of war. It was a long sword, surrounded by flames and set in an azure sky, with this legend written in gold below, "On, thou people of the Flaming Sword."

"Dost remember, years ago, Jack McGregor, when thou wert entertaining thy manhood? The pipes were playing and the Highlanders cheering for bonny Jack McGregor, leaving for the wars. My father held me on his shoulders as he spoke to thee, and the words were hammered in my breast. 'Carry the motto of thy name through life, dear lad, and it will carry thee.'"

"Thou hast carried it, Sir John McGregor, traitor, liar, thief, tool, and cur of Her Majesty of England!"

All that was ugly and hateful seemed to leap into the man's contorted face.

"Hold thy ribald tongue, girl!" he shouted. "Dost forget thou art my promised wife?"

"I would sooner wed the devil, Jack McGregor," she cried, and whipping past him, she swept out of the room.

Hurrying through the halls to her own apartments, suddenly a cold fear seemed to grip her heart. What made her turn and speed back the way she had come, past the armory where Sir John was knashing his teeth, down the great stone stairs, to the council room, where her father lay dead upon the floor? He was quite dead when she reached him, his great, strong body horridly contorted, his face suffused, almost purple, the lips drawn back and the eyes starting

from their sockets. No heartbeat answered the soft hand she slipped beneath his shirt, the eyes did not waver from her pleading tears. By his side lay a piece of heavy parchment, and, as she read it, Flora knew what had struck her father to his grave. Mary Stuart was to be executed within the next month. John McGregor, belonging to a family that had fought for her, was in the favor of Queen Elizabeth. He unsuspected, could get the news to the Duke of Guire and maybe Guire could obtain a reprieve. Poor Flora, in her grief and distraction, did not notice that the letter had been written in January, and Mary's last month on earth had already begun.

That night, weird cries and wailings filled the air around the Cliff o' Conygree. The women of McGregor were grieving for their chieftain, and stalwart Highlanders bowed their heads low in grief. Sir John McGregor, pacing an unfrequented portion of the courtyard, exulting over the unexpected power that had been thrust into his hands, suddenly started back as if he had seen a ghost. Coming toward him was himself! A tall figure in his own long cloak, cavalier hat and jackboots! Then as the figure stopped short, as it saw him, he understood. The two seemed to leap at each other's throats, but Flora was possessed of a superhuman strength. Forcing her cousin back until she held him pinned against the flag stones. She stunned him with a terrible blow on the head, and left him without the slightest compunction. Letting herself out of the courtyard from a small postern, afterwards called "The Lassies' Gate," she made her way down Conygree road, to the house of an old servant, Jamie McIntosh. To him she told all that had happened that day, and revealed what she intended to do.

"I have money a-plenty," she said, showing him a bulging purse. "All I need is a good horse, and by morning I reach the Lawlonds. In three days I can get to the sea. Thou hast a good horse, Jamie," this very pointedly.

"I go at once to prepare him, my lady," answered Jamie.

"Wait, I wish to show thee something," she called, and unbuckling the scabbard at her side, she laid it on the table. Jamie McIntosh scrutinized it carefully and then raised an awed and somewhat horrified face.

"Lassie!" he exclaimed, "'tis the talisman, the Flaming Sword."

"Thou dost know it?" she asked.

"I saw this once, on the council room table. The master had been polishing it. But, my lady, wilt thou not show me the Sword? I have never seen that."

Flora picked up the long, shining scabbard, with its beautiful carvings and deep cut runes, and, laying her hands on the curiously wrought handle, she drew forth the weapon. Well had her ancestor, the ancient Norseman, named it the Flaming Sword. Its blade was of burnished bronze, long and slender as a rapier, and tempered by an art long since lost to man. The keen edges showed by a thousand wavy lines how carefully and skillfully the smith had finished his task, and the tapering, needle like point showed that it had been made for thrusting as well as cutting. The gleaming metal caught the flickering light and in Flora's strong white hands it seemed like something living, a moving flame.

Waving it thrice above her head, Flora made it whistle as it cut the air, crying out, "On, thou of the Flaming Sword! Haste thy laggard steps, Jamie, for I have two kingdoms and a wild winter sea to cross, an' it please God to let me save her, who was once our Queen."

Winter was raging over northern France and held the little town of La Fontaine in its icy clutch, when, on the night of February 10, 1587, a solitary traveller, leading his horse by the bridle, fought his way through the blinding snow clouds and hammered with his sword hilt on the door of the village tavern. After an interval, during which boisterous laughter pierced the walls, there was a sound of fumbling with bolts and chains, and the door opened wide enough to permit the face of a crabbed little Frenchman to appear.

"Hast thou food and lodging for the night, good master?" the stranger asked in broken French. His voice was not deep but bore the bell like tone of a rich contralto.

"Yes, enter and make haste about it, for the wind cuts like a knife. Jacques will care for thy horse," the innkeeper answered.

The stranger entered, and after a swift survey of the dimly lighted room, he made his way to the great fire place and turned his back on the other occupants. There were three men; strangely enough each wore the uniform of an English soldier, one by a certain superiority over the others appeared to be an officer. They deliberately neglected their card game to observe the newcomer. He was a tall, slender youth, with a bedraggled slouch hat pulled down over his eyes, and a long, rain soaked cloak wrapped closely about him, the end muffling the lower part of his face.

The officer arose with a significant glance toward his fellows, and, going over to the fire on the pretense of warming his hands, he tried to obtain a view of the stranger's face.

"Tis a wild night," he observed.

The traveller, who had just left the storm, assented with a nod.

"I'll wager that the quality up on the hill are snug and warm." His face took on a low cunning look as he added, "'tis said the Duke of Guise is stopping there."

The youth who had lent but an indifferent ear to the first of this singular speech, which had no visible cause or reason, swung sharply around at its conclusion, clutching the soldier's arm.

"Guise?" he cried, "here, in this place? Where dost thou say he is?"

The officer, taking advantage of the other's excitement to study his face closely, answered in a mocking drawl, "The Comte la Fontaine has a chateaux on the hill overlooking the city. The Duke de Guise is there."

Flora, for it was she, instantly started for the door, but a heavy hand fell on her shoulder, holding her back.

"What, in this storm?" cried the Englishman. "Thou seemest uncommonly interested in His Grace the Duke of Guise, Sir John McGregor."

With a strangled cry, Flora wrenched herself free from his grasp, loosing her cloak as she did so. The other two soldiers barred the way with drawn swords, and unconsciously Flora rested her hand on her own hilt.

"Twenty years I have known Sir John McGregor," said the officer, "and, although he presents a smooth upper lip now, surely his hair cannot change. We will prove it." Before she could evade him, he sent Flora's hat spinning in the air from his sword point, and all three of the men gazed as two great braids swung down over her shoulders.

"Zounds! It's a girl," cried her tormentor.

The next moment he was fighting, fighting for his life, and it seemed to him that he was fighting flames, for her sword, her hair, her very person seem to catch the firelight and send it swirling about him.

"On, The Flaming Sword!" she had cried as she sprang upon him, and that matchless weapon seemed to play with his as if it had a will of its own. He never knew how it happened, but her blade slithered[†]

down his to the hilt; there was a cruel wrench and his sword flew to the ceiling. He tried to leap out of danger, but the keen point of her weapon entered his throat with a dull, chucking sound, and he crumbled to the floor like an empty sack. Again Flora called on her sword with the ringing motto of her clan, and whirled to meet the onslaught of the other men, who were rushing, too late, to their commander's aid. The candles were overturned, chairs kicked aside, and broken china strewn over the room. They were fighting in the firelight now, two to one, slipping in the dead man's blood, while the inn-keeper and his wife cowered in a corner.

The air began to swim before Flora's eyes, her braids wound around her throat, and her brain grew numb with the effort to keep her red sword leaping and flashing between the two savage, silent ones. Suddenly the air was rent with shouts and heavy bodies threw themselves against the door. There was a grinding, splintering sound, the door crashed in, and two hatless, disheveled men leaped into the room, drawing their swords as they came.

"To the rescue, the rescue!" the first one shouted. He was a tall, handsome young man, scarcely six and twenty, with soft, dark hair that curled around his face and deep, black eyes that flashed fiercely as they took in the scene before them.

"What in the name of heaven is it, a shamle's? Dost thou keep an assassin's den in thy village, Phillipe?" queried a deep voice behind him, and, as the Comte de la Fontaine turned to answer, a short, thick set man with grizzled gray hair, worn at the temples by a helmet's chafing, walked into the middle of the room. It needed not his dark features or commanding presence to tell Flora that the Duke of Guise stood before her. Her thoughts and his became as one. She knew who he was and what had last occupied his mind. Death! death! death! Whose death? Mary Stuart's! She was too late, too late!

Clutching at a table for support, she moved forward, and every eye in the room paid tribute to her wild, haunted beauty.

"Is it true?" she cried, her voice thrilling through the room. "Oh, is it true that the Queen of Scots is dead?"

"Yes," answered Guise in his own language, "but—,"

"Oh, my father, my father, I have failed thee! I have failed." Raising her arms in impotent despair, still holding her bloody sword, she collapsed. Her heartbreaking journey, the terrible duel, and now failure had been too much.

Dawn was breaking in the east as Philippe de Champeneys bade his royal friend good bye. Both showed signs of fatigue from the night's experience.

"Yes, yes, Philippe, I admit it. She is very beautiful and very wonderful, but I have that which I would ask thee now," the Duke said as he prepared to mount his horse. "Why," he continued "didst thou suddenly interrupt Gile's tale of Mary Stuart's death by rushing from the room, crying 'A rescue, a rescue,' and lead me to that tavern?"

The young man turned a startled look on his friend and then smiled nervously.

"I thought thou didst see it too," he stammered, "but then thou dost always follow first and question after."

"Verily, I thought thee gone mad, and bent on the rescue of a woman two days dead," returned the Duke.

"'Twas a vision I saw, sir," said Philippe, speaking rapidly to keep the Duke from scoffing. "Even as Giles was telling of the poor Queen's execution, everything about me became gray, and swayed, and floated like a smoky curtain. Giles' voice faded away, the curtain began to part, and I saw two men fighting one as plainly as if I were there. I do not know what made me rush to the rescue so surely, nor did I know at the time that the poor lone swordsman was a woman."

"Monsieur le Comte de la Fontaine," observed the Duke, "I have known thee all thy life and I have never known thee to lie. Therefore I will believe thy cock and bull tale and—," here he stopped the young man's angry exclamation with a stern gesture, "I will now add insult to my injury. Make not a fool of thy self, Philippe de Champeneys, over that beautiful, young English woman, who is in thy mother's care. Remember that all those North English people are born heretics.


The young Count laughed aloud merrily.

"The English mademoiselle is beautiful enough and brave enough to be a religion herself," he answered. "I have determined to become a convert, Monsieur le Duc, if she will have me."



The Answer

By Bruce Hill



Stacy Boyd gazed down from the great bridge to the black waters of the Thames. Down there he had resolved to end his worthless life, realizing that he was a hopeless failure. His decision, he knew, was that of a weak man, but he was desperate and his loneliness spurred him on.

He had resolved to act immediately; tonight few people passed and the dense fog offered a good shelter. Besides, when the waters below had closed over him, few would ever know, and no one would care. It was by far the best and easiest way, he thought.

He glanced hurriedly about him, seeing no one, he began to climb over the side of the bridge. At this minute a hand was laid gently on his shoulder and a low voice said, "Wait, my friend; think well before you act."

Boyd, almost on the verge of collapse, was terrified at the thought of being discovered; but the gentleness of the stranger calmed him and he told his miserable tale of poverty and sorrow.

When the story was completed, the stranger was silent and Boyd thought, as he watched the man's face in the dim light, that he had never seen anyone so grieved over his condition. For that one look of deep regret and sympathy, Boyd, in his weary, aching heart, felt more sincere gratitude than he would have felt for any deed of heroism. The stranger's look gave place to a sad smile and, putting a roll of bills into Boyd's hand, he said, "Take heart again, my man, and live; be thankful for your life."

"But whom am I to thank for this?" asked Boyd. "And to whom must I pay my debt?"

The stranger smiled again, "Thank just a fellow-being," he replied. "I shall be repaid ten-fold if I have helped you. Besides, who knows, perhaps someday you may repay me in some other way." With that remark he was gone, disappearing in the fog as he had come, and leaving Boyd with a strange feeling of having met an old acquaintance.

In some way Boyd's heart was lighter; he was almost happy with the knowledge that, after all, it mattered to someone. He did, indeed,

take heart again and in the months that followed he became again a successful and respectable citizen of London.


One afternoon Boyd stood, among a throng of eager people, awaiting a parade in which the king was to pass. Soon the cheering heralded the approach of the ruler, and Boyd looked up with his usual joy and pride at beholding his king. As he watched the splendid, well loved monarch, something in his attitude and expression struck Boyd with a strange sense of peculiar familiarity. He stood there, musing, and deaf to the cheers of the people about him; he suddenly remembered. The stranger to whom he owed his life and success, and the king to whom he owed his loyalty were one! Strange it was, indeed, that he had never known before; he was completely dazed.

Leaving the crowd, he began to walk, not knowing where he went. Habit, at last, led his footsteps into a familiar street and, looking up, he beheld his own home. He had walked for a long time and the foggy darkness had fallen, like a gloomy grey curtain, over London. Mechanically, Boyd entered and ascended the stairs, but at the top he discovered that he was not in his own house. He laughed nervously, for he knew at once the mistake he had made. He had entered the house next door, which was built exactly like his own and which, in the darkness, with his troubled state of mind, he had mistaken for his own. He was about to leave when sounds of voices in a nearby room attracted his attention. Knowing that the house was supposedly vacant, he thought this unusual; then he heard, "He must be shot then," a deep voice saying. "That, Terhume, will be your work. On the twenty first, when the king rides out to view the new monument, we shall strike! As he steps from his car, you, Terhume, will fire the fatal shot."

Boyd stood perfectly still. For the second time that day he had made a discovery which positively dazed him. Noiselessly he made his way from the building into his own home. What he should do was not quite clear, but one thing he saw plainly, he owed the king a great debt and he now held the power to pay it.

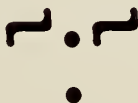
His first decision was to report the matter to the police, but upon second thought, this plan appeared unwise, for, in this case, the assassins would most surely escape. All night he thought and during the early morning he formed his plan. It was a mere chance, but he was sure that the same fate that had put things in his hands would not deny him the right to pay the debt he owed the king.

The next day was the twenty-first, the fatal day. The king rode forth at two-thirty and that same hour found Boyd already at the monument, standing on the side walk where the king would step from his car. He was calm and steady nerved, and, after a while he



knew the king was coming, a great joy possessed him and his heart swelled with pride as he thought of the chance he had been given. The royal car came on, it drew up beside the curb, and the people were pushed back to make way for the king. As the king stepped from the car, Boyd sprang forward and, overthrowing two astonished soldiers, stepped directly in front of the king. At the same moment a pistol shot rang out. All was over in a minute and Stacy Boyd lay dead upon the pavement at the feet of the king of England.

A smile was on the face of the dead man and, as the king bent over him, he recognized, with a start, the man whom he had saved from death that night so long ago. Again that sad look came into the king's face, as he said, softly, "So it was this for which I saved you. Well, you have answered and have paid your debt, my friend, and your king will not forget."



A Japanese Tea Garden

By Margaret Woodward



The sun was warm, and, although the hill we had just ascended was a gradual climb, and the conversation had been pleasant, I was glad to find that we were approaching our destination,—the Japanese Tea Garden. We turned a corner, went down two or three steps cut in the rock, and there, spread at our feet, lay such a riot of color as was never seen before.

The Tea House, at the left, looked somewhat like an enlarged summer-house escaped from someone's yard. The large, round, gray pillars, of small rocks closely cemented together, were set about twenty feet apart to form a large circle, and this was thatched with palmetto leaves, dried by the sun into a dull, tanish brown. In the very center was a smaller circle of the rugged pillars which slightly raised the center of the roof above the other part. This house, if it could be called a house, was built on solid rock, and the sandy colored rock, together with the gray pillars and brown thatching, formed an attractive background for the vivid green vines which wandered over the structure.

In front of the Tea House lay the sunken garden, or lake, which was surrounded on the other three sides by high, rock cliffs, the surfaces of which were enhanced by green vines aided by clumps of grayish green mesquite. The base of these cliffs was outlined by the delicate green of weeping willows mingled with the deeper green of various shrubs.

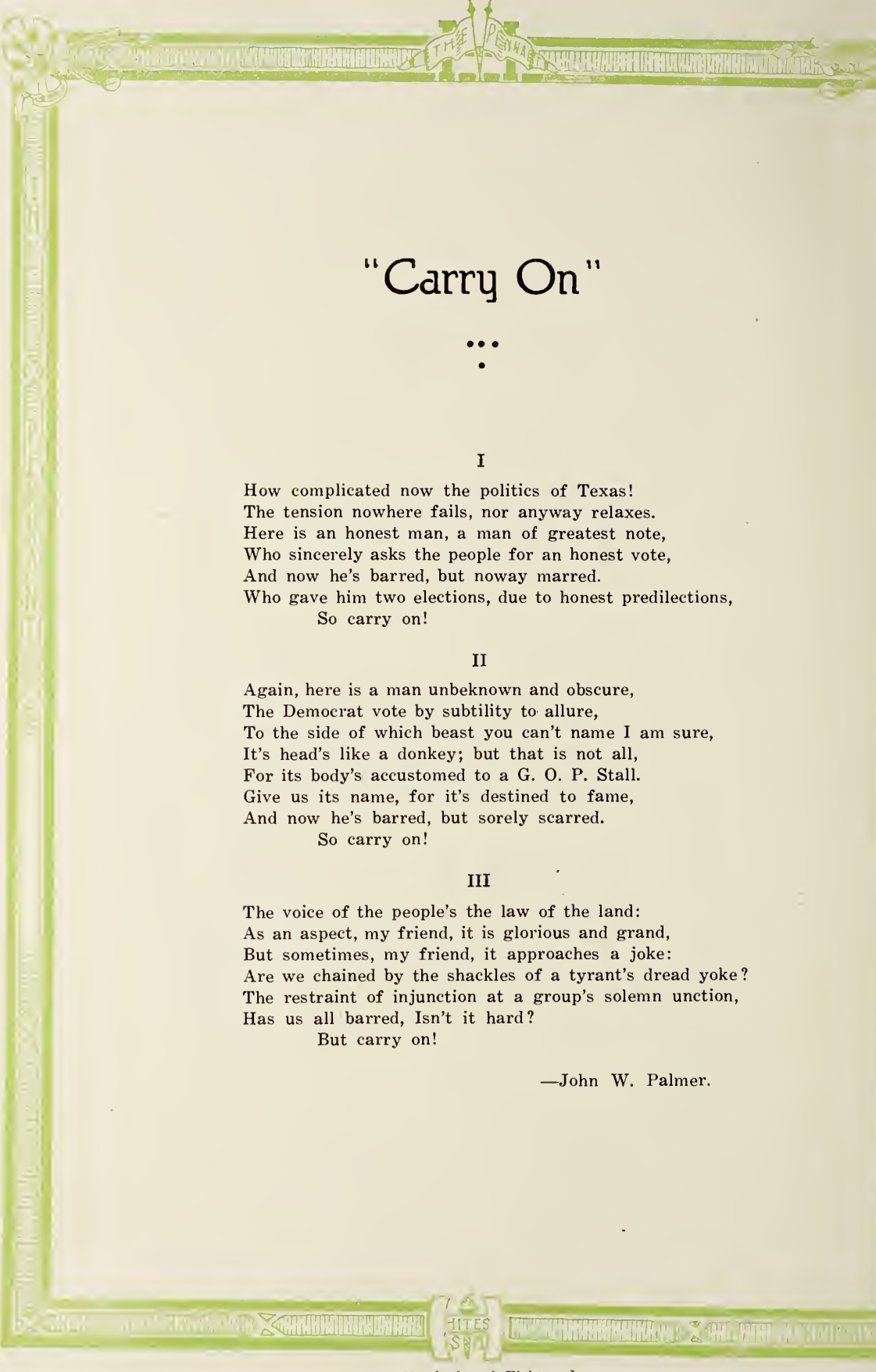
The lake, which reflected the azure of the sky with its snowy clouds, was crossed by little walks made of gray stepping-stones between the crevices of which appeared the fresh, spring green of the grass. These walks were bordered by red, pink, and purple verbenas; clumps of feathery, cream colored pampas grass; the gaudy red and gold of the canna lilies; and other small, colorful flowers, all against the emerald background of elephant ears, and other shrubs, too numerous to mention. Every few feet had its heap of dull stones which supported an electric bulb; little stone bridges with about three

arches appeared in unexpected places, but were hardly visible because of their green vines starred with small white flowers.

Water lilies of every kind and size dotted the water. There were the ordinary fragrant lilies, of red, pink, white and a bluish lavender, which reared their flowers from the midst of their modest leaves. Then, there were the huge, emerald lily pads which, because of their smooth, circular surface, looked like dining tables floating in the lake. These groups of water plants covered the surface of the lake, but with plenty of space left for some tall, natural looking birds which, on closer inspection, were discovered to be of a beautiful gray cast iron.

Taken all in all, it seemed hardly possible that so much beauty, so many colors, and so many shades of color could be crowded into one place. The Tea Garden, however, had demonstrated that possibility, and it seemed that Mother Nature must have loved that spot, for there, in the soft, golden sunlight, she appeared at her best.





"Carry On"

...

I

How complicated now the politics of Texas!
The tension nowhere fails, nor anyway relaxes.
Here is an honest man, a man of greatest note,
Who sincerely asks the people for an honest vote,
And now he's barred, but noway marred.
Who gave him two elections, due to honest predilections,
So carry on!

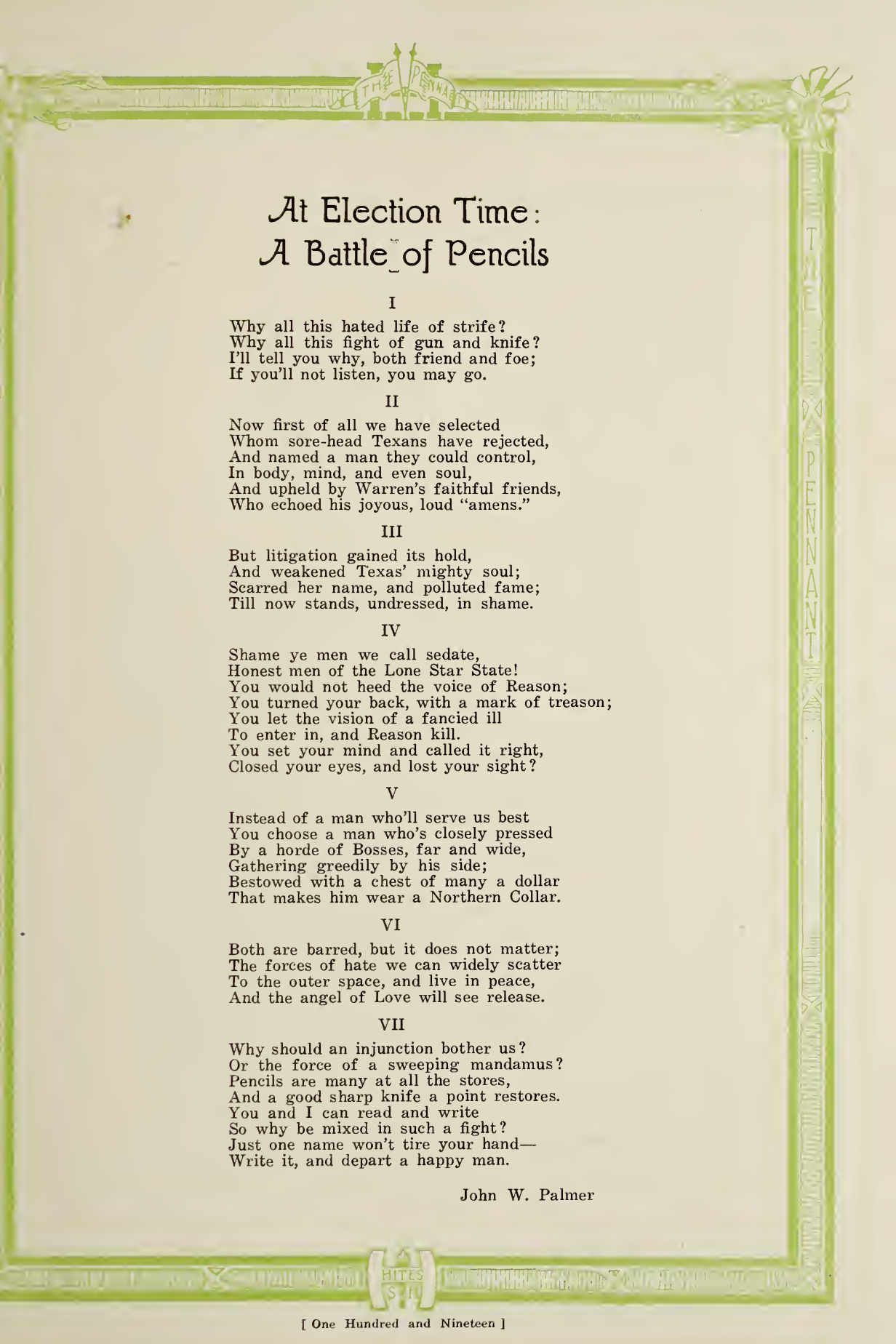
II

Again, here is a man unbeknown and obscure,
The Democrat vote by subtlety to allure,
To the side of which beast you can't name I am sure,
It's head's like a donkey; but that is not all,
For its body's accustomed to a G. O. P. Stall.
Give us its name, for it's destined to fame,
And now he's barred, but sorely scarred.
So carry on!

III

The voice of the people's the law of the land:
As an aspect, my friend, it is glorious and grand,
But sometimes, my friend, it approaches a joke:
Are we chained by the shackles of a tyrant's dread yoke?
The restraint of injunction at a group's solemn unction,
Has us all barred, Isn't it hard?
But carry on!

—John W. Palmer.



At Election Time: A Battle of Pencils

I

Why all this hated life of strife?
Why all this fight of gun and knife?
I'll tell you why, both friend and foe;
If you'll not listen, you may go.

II

Now first of all we have selected
Whom sore-head Texans have rejected,
And named a man they could control,
In body, mind, and even soul,
And upheld by Warren's faithful friends,
Who echoed his joyous, loud "amens."

III

But litigation gained its hold,
And weakened Texas' mighty soul;
Scarred her name, and polluted fame;
Till now stands, undressed, in shame.

IV

Shame ye men we call sedate,
Honest men of the Lone Star State!
You would not heed the voice of Reason;
You turned your back, with a mark of treason;
You let the vision of a fancied ill
To enter in, and Reason kill.
You set your mind and called it right,
Closed your eyes, and lost your sight?

V

Instead of a man who'll serve us best
You choose a man who's closely pressed
By a horde of Bosses, far and wide,
Gathering greedily by his side;
Bestowed with a chest of many a dollar
That makes him wear a Northern Collar.

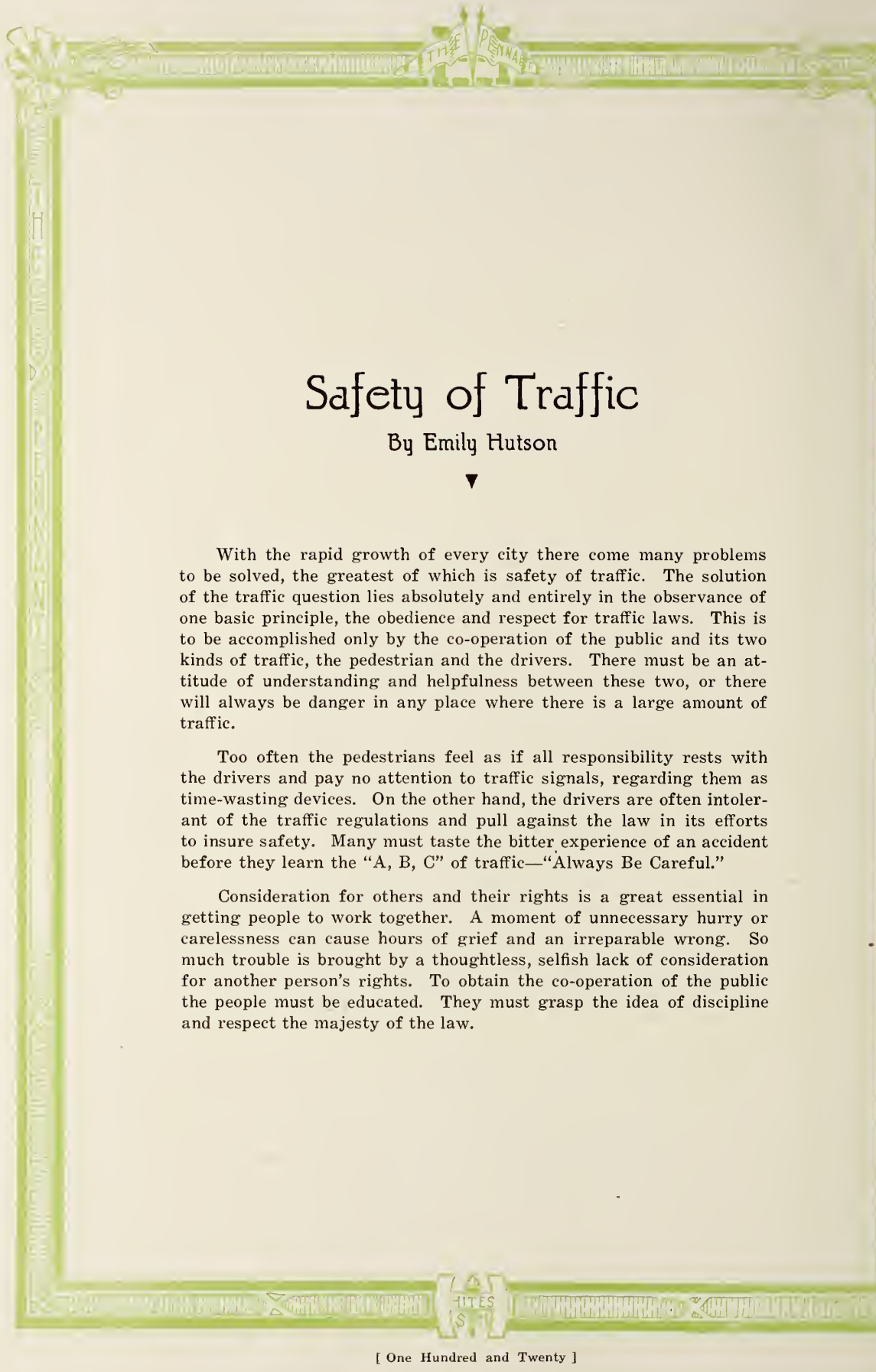
VI

Both are barred, but it does not matter;
The forces of hate we can widely scatter
To the outer space, and live in peace,
And the angel of Love will see release.

VII

Why should an injunction bother us?
Or the force of a sweeping mandamus?
Pencils are many at all the stores,
And a good sharp knife a point restores.
You and I can read and write
So why be mixed in such a fight?
Just one name won't tire your hand—
Write it, and depart a happy man.

John W. Palmer



Safety of Traffic

By Emily Hutson



With the rapid growth of every city there come many problems to be solved, the greatest of which is safety of traffic. The solution of the traffic question lies absolutely and entirely in the observance of one basic principle, the obedience and respect for traffic laws. This is to be accomplished only by the co-operation of the public and its two kinds of traffic, the pedestrian and the drivers. There must be an attitude of understanding and helpfulness between these two, or there will always be danger in any place where there is a large amount of traffic.

Too often the pedestrians feel as if all responsibility rests with the drivers and pay no attention to traffic signals, regarding them as time-wasting devices. On the other hand, the drivers are often intolerant of the traffic regulations and pull against the law in its efforts to insure safety. Many must taste the bitter experience of an accident before they learn the "A, B, C" of traffic—"Always Be Careful."

Consideration for others and their rights is a great essential in getting people to work together. A moment of unnecessary hurry or carelessness can cause hours of grief and an irreparable wrong. So much trouble is brought by a thoughtless, selfish lack of consideration for another person's rights. To obtain the co-operation of the public the people must be educated. They must grasp the idea of discipline and respect the majesty of the law.

Safety of Traffic

By Jack Shannon



The commercial slogan, "It is better to be safe than sorry," is the echo of that motto of one of our famous pioneers, "Be sure you are right; then go ahead." Wanton waste of life and injury to the human body is but the reflection of the times, and, if ever there was need for people to stop, look, and listen, that time is today.

My plea is the application of the "Golden Rule" to our personal activities. Instead of trying to reach our destination with the least expenditure of time, let us check up a bit and consider others. For safety to the masses resolves itself into individual conduct. If every one will adopt as his motto, "Safety first, for himself and his neighbor," the large number of personal injuries will be greatly reduced.

The army of maimed will never be reduced until we consider that we are but a part of a great multitude, and our duty should point us to others' rights.

If we drive, let us be sure that our car is under control; acquaint ourselves with the code of signals; put them into practice. As we motor, let us observe that no pedestrian shall suffer from any act of ours, and be ever on the alert for the careless. Regardless of the rights involved, those children who play in the streets are the parents' jewels, and a lifeless form will mean woe unutterable to those at home.

If we are in the army of pedestrians, let us observe the proper precautions, glance in all directions, and use our faculties to prevent accidents of all kinds.

I repeat that, in this day, when we are all in a mad rush, if we think of others more and use sensible precautions, many thousands of accidents will be prevented and the percentage of sorrow will be greatly reduced.



Safety of Traffic

By Burton Sinclair



Heads up, mind your step, eyes open, senses alert: Houston, with its thousands of automobiles like so many ants, is not a dead town, but the growing metropolis of the Southwest. We must have traffic laws—and they must be obeyed. The public must be educated up to the idea of traffic regulations. Study the rules and take a pride in obeying, not evading them.

Make our streets safe for the old, the young, and the strangers within our gates. Let us go after and gain a reputation for fewer accidents and safer streets than any other city in Texas.

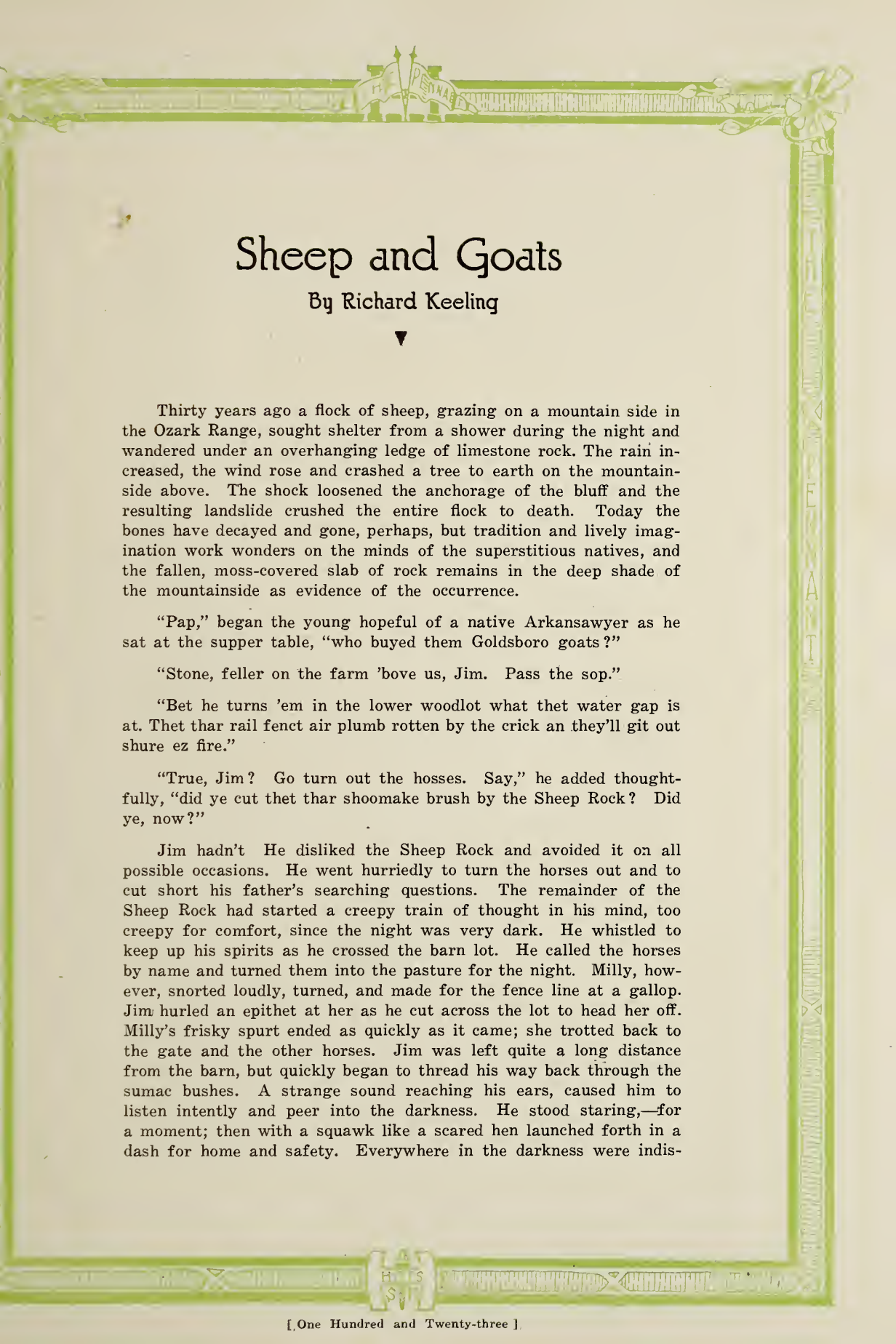
Come on, pedestrian and automobile drivers, let us co-operate. Let us stop, think, and listen! Let us become familiar with and observe traffic regulations to the “nth” degree. Let us think of the other fellow’s neck as well as our own.

Let us think, perhaps, that old man who was hurt yesterday might have been our father; that lady might have been our mother or wife; that baby child might have been ours. Oh, let us never have to say in agony, “It was an accident, but I can never forgive myself when gazing on the wreck caused by carelessness, or lack of knowledge or observation of traffic regulations.”

Let’s play “Safety First” in the broadest meaning of the word! Let every man, woman and child get a copy of Houston’s traffic regulations, and learn to obey them.

Make our city safe!





Sheep and Goats

By Richard Keeling



Thirty years ago a flock of sheep, grazing on a mountain side in the Ozark Range, sought shelter from a shower during the night and wandered under an overhanging ledge of limestone rock. The rain increased, the wind rose and crashed a tree to earth on the mountain-side above. The shock loosened the anchorage of the bluff and the resulting landslide crushed the entire flock to death. Today the bones have decayed and gone, perhaps, but tradition and lively imagination work wonders on the minds of the superstitious natives, and the fallen, moss-covered slab of rock remains in the deep shade of the mountainside as evidence of the occurrence.

"Pap," began the young hopeful of a native Arkansawyer as he sat at the supper table, "who buyed them Goldsboro goats?"

"Stone, feller on the farm 'bove us, Jim. Pass the sop."

"Bet he turns 'em in the lower woodlot what thet water gap is at. Thet thar rail fence air plumb rotten by the crick an they'll git out shure ez fire."

"True, Jim? Go turn out the hosses. Say," he added thoughtfully, "did ye cut thet thar shoomake brush by the Sheep Rock? Did ye, now?"

Jim hadn't. He disliked the Sheep Rock and avoided it on all possible occasions. He went hurriedly to turn the horses out and to cut short his father's searching questions. The remainder of the Sheep Rock had started a creepy train of thought in his mind, too creepy for comfort, since the night was very dark. He whistled to keep up his spirits as he crossed the barn lot. He called the horses by name and turned them into the pasture for the night. Milly, however, snorted loudly, turned, and made for the fence line at a gallop. Jim hurled an epithet at her as he cut across the lot to head her off. Milly's frisky spurt ended as quickly as it came; she trotted back to the gate and the other horses. Jim was left quite a long distance from the barn, but quickly began to thread his way back through the sumac bushes. A strange sound reaching his ears, caused him to listen intently and peer into the darkness. He stood staring,—for a moment; then with a squawk like a scared hen launched forth in a dash for home and safety. Everywhere in the darkness were indis-

tinct, white forms that moved back and forth. At the sound of Jim's warning signal and retreat, the shapes broke into pandemonium and stampeded in Jim's direction, uttering phoulish, piercing sounds which intensified Jim's wild panic. Jim had speed and he used it. He was too scared to yell, but the commotion of the stampede through the sumac brush was sufficient to bring his father to the door of the house, holding a smoky oil lamp high above his head.

"Wot in tarnation——? ary, wot in Sam Heck's bruck loost?"

"Pap!! Pap! O-O.-h Pap! Scare 'em off!" Jim's voice smote the night air. Directed now by the figure standing in the square patch of light, he changed his course to that welcome beacon and put on more speed. He reached the gate and tumbled over it, where his pursuers stopped, of course, but he hesitated not on that account.

His father got no response to his, "Jim, zat ye comin'?" A blue overalled form hurled past him and sprang full length on the featherbed.

"Now wot in Sam Heck——?"

"It's the Sheep Ghosts, Pap! Oh, Gosh—!"

"Sheep Ghosts—Sheep Ghosts, yer foot. Will ye hest yer yap-pin? Sheep—," he snorted, "There's Stone's goats bruck throo the crick gap. Git up from thar, and drive them thar goats out er I'll tan ye good with thet thar strop yonder."



Valedictory

By Mildred Fulton

"The Importance of Selecting a Vocation"

The importance of civilization has been handicapped, and many lives have been wasted because of the half-hearted efforts of men and women who mismatch ability and vocation. Some of these have been ill-advised by well-meaning parents, while others have been drifted along the lines of least resistance. Happiness cannot exist unless one is completely satisfied with his work, for people cannot really live without some kind of work.

Dr. Geo. W. Jacoby, a noted neurologist, says: "It is scarcely too much to say that the entire future happiness of a child depends upon the successful bringing out of its capabilities. For upon that rests the choice of its life work. A mistake in this choice destroys all the joy of living; it almost means a lost life."

On account of ignorance great possibilities are undeveloped in many men and women. Uncongenial work smothers self-expression. Natural born artists are often trained to become mechanics; the tragedy of the misfit is universal. Mrs. Ethel Slater, vocational advisor, relates an instance of a girl who worked in a department store as a clerk selling kitchen-ware. She became dissatisfied with her work, and sought help from Mrs. Slater, who soon discovered that the girl had artistic tendencies. Mrs. Slater helped her develop her latent possibilities, and she became invaluable in an art department.

A great handicap to all classes is that the majority of people have entered their present employment blindly and by chance, not considering fitness and opportunities. The person who is not vitally interested in his work does not use his full mental or physical power; therefore he does not accomplish all that he would otherwise. It has been said that the crowning work of an economic educational system will be vocational guidance.

A young man having completed his education knows that he is his own master. He realizes that his necessity to earn will increase

rather than decrease, but so often the young woman looking forward to a business career merely intends to earn a living until she marries. This is undoubtedly a mistake, for such work cannot be whole-hearted, inspiring, or absorbing. Although a woman ordinarily expects to marry, she should prepare herself for work which may be continued after marriage.

Parents are often responsible for the failures of their children's careers. Parents should study the capabilities and tendencies of their children before making suggestions concerning vocations. For instance, this father recognized a future base-ball player: "John," said the wife, "you'll have to take that ball away from baby; he hit sister on the head with it.,,

"Yes dear," answered the husband, "but you should have seen the curve the little cuss had on it."

A person must know that his work is the real work, he must be satisfied with it, and feel enthusiasm for it, or he is a misfit. May each member of this class of 1923 realize the importance of finding his own place in the world. As Daniel Boone, the pioneer, said, "Be sure you are right; then go ahead."

Salutatory

By Kristine Mortensen



In 1607 there came to the unexplored shores of America a little band of settlers, lacking perhaps in corporeal supplies but possessing a store of courage and resolution that was nothing short of replete. They little realized that, in attempting to form here the basis for their own individual lives, they were collectively laying the foundation for a future republic which has today become one of the most democratic and influential countries in the world. Just so are we, in employing education as the basis of our lives, strengthening and building up the foundation of this wonderful country of ours. Surely, we must realize that, to make the foundation of our lives stronger, we must make greater use of the higher institutions of learning, and that in doing so we are gradually but materially adding strength to this nation.

During these last four years our minds have been inordinately broadened, not by the mere acquisition of knowledge, but for the most part by the intimate and invaluable association we students have enjoyed with one another. Moreover, our teachers have been to us a constant source of inspiration, and so completely have they placed our interests before theirs that we cannot but have acquired some small measure of their nobility.

Needless to say, we have just passed through one of the most significant eras of our lives, but we have not successfully attained these heights without having come to the realization that you, our parents, have by your many sacrifices made this triumph possible. Tonight, as we stand facing a future, bright with the prospects of success, our deepest emotion is one of joy that we are able to repay in some measure your never-failing faith in us by this final proof of our ability and gratitude—our graduation.

Our hearts are at this sacred hour flooded with a feeling of gladness that it is our privilege and honor to extend to you all the most sincere and heartfelt of welcomes.

A Bustee's Soliloquy



To bust, or not to bust,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The unending grind of lessons and quizzes,
Or to take up arms against a host of worries,
And by flunking end them. To flunk, to cram,
No more; and by busting say we end
The heartache and the thousand worries
That the student is heir to—'tis a pleasant meditation
Devoutly to be wished.

To flunk! to go home in peace, perchance in war.
Ay, there's the rub; for when you arrive home
What ills may come
When we have broken the news to father, must give us
Pause. There's the respect that makes us dread the name of bustee;
For who would bear the noise of scolding parents,
The tirades of rebuke, the looks of disgust,
The accusations of money spent for naught,
The jeers of comrades, and the scorn
That the patient bustee from his superiors takes,
When he himself might honors gain
By studying English.

Who would wish to bear the jeering name of bustee,
But that the dread of those awful exams,
(Oh, that vast expenditure of labor, the tongue can scarcely tell)
Puzzles the brain, and makes us rather choose the lazy way
Than work for grades we know not of?
Thus lack of nerve makes bustees of us all
And thus our resolution to attend the show
Is still increased,
Upon more serious thought.



ATHLETICS

J.M.PRICE.

BOOK V



HEIGHTS 38 — VICTORIA 13

The opening game proved to be a great victory for the Heights boys. The team went to work with a vim, and scored in the first quarter; in the last half Heights scored twenty-six more points. The final score was thirty-eight to thirteen in Heights' favor.

The outstanding feature of the game was Hart's, the Heights center's, sensational playing; breaking up passes and blocking punts were his specialties. Marmion was the stellar back field man for Heights and showed the Victoria boys what hard hitting would do.

Every Heights man participated in this game, and the ability shown was pleasing to Heights rooters.

HEIGHTS 6 — CONROE 7

Despite the fact that Heights scored first, they were defeated by the strong Conroe team, whose efficient defense did not allow Heights to add the necessary point to tie the score. Conroe played much harder, due to the fact that Heights had beaten them by a score of 81 to 0 the preceeding year. Abercrombie made Heights' only tuchdown, proving that he was a master at the art of broken field running.

HEIGHTS 13 — LIVINGSTON 13

When Heights met Livingston, the old team was forced to battle as seldom before. Livingston out-weighed Heights and were playing on their own grounds; so the Heights boys were doubly handicapped. The game started enthusiastically, Livingston scored first. Instead of losing heart, the Heights gridders began to fight like a college eleven. By hard hitting and sensational passing from Golden to Stampp, Heights began to score.

The game was full of penalties and disputes, and in the last quarter the score was 13 to 7 in Livingston's favor; again Heights began its mighty attack and, when the game ended, the score was 13 to 13.

HEIGHTS 7 — PORT ARTHUR 7

This was a sensational game, and the boys produced many thrills during the contest. The feature of the game was Creth Hines' spectacular playing. He scored Heights' only touchdown, and then kicked goal.

Each team resorted to forward passes, and Heights' touchdown was made by a sensational pass from Golden to Hines. Credit must also be given Bob Stampp, who played a great game. For the visitors Donaldson was the out-standing player.

HEIGHTS 13 — LUFKIN 7

When the husky Lufkin team came to Houston, many Heights fans felt anxious. The Lufkin team greatly out-weighted Heights men, but again the grit of the Heights boys was shown and they went on the field to win. The game was hard fought and the two teams see-sawed back and forth, up and down the field. Heights scored first, but Lufkin soon returned the score. At the beginning of the last quarter, Lufkin was leading by one point, and the sensational playing of Robertson, Marmion, and Tidmore in the back field, Heights was able to score again. The final score was 13 to 7 in favor of Heights.

HEIGHTS 12 — BEAUMONT SOUTH PARK 13

It was a sad day for Heights when they met South Park. Both teams were about the same weight, but in the opening quarter Heights proved to be far superior. After Heights had scored two touchdowns, Beaumont began to fight harder and the Heights boys seemed to be unable to stop them. As the field was muddy, passing and long end runs were impossible, but the Beaumont boys proved that by a steady gain of a few yards at a time the game could be won. The final score was 13 to 12 in Beaumont's favor.

HEIGHTS 26 — SOUR LAKE 0

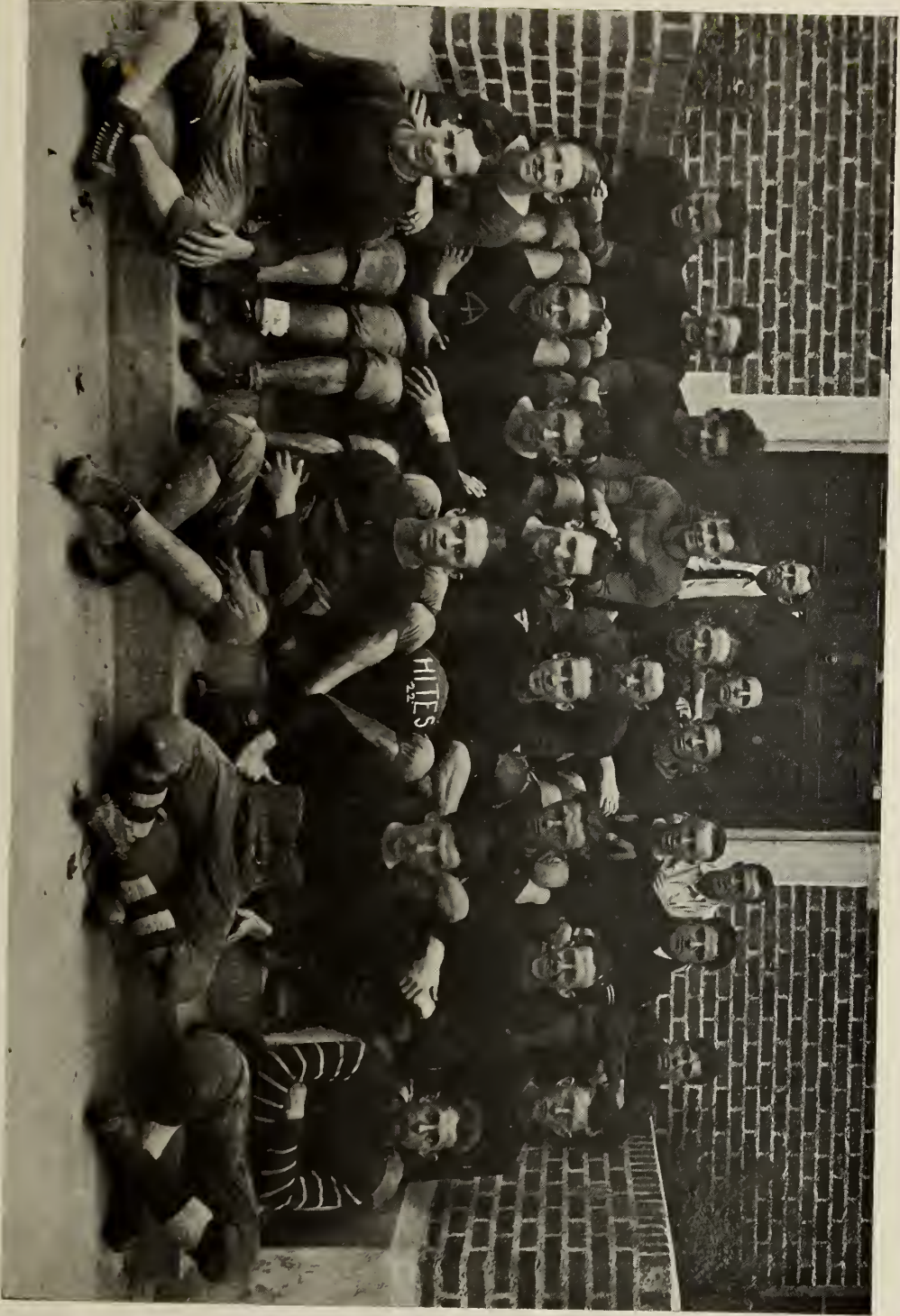
The Heights-Sour Lake game was an easy one for Heights; it afforded them practice for the clash with Central, which was a fortnight away. The Sour Lake team was light and made up of many inexperienced men, but they put up a hard fight. Sensational passing and broken field running of the Heights' back field men and ends featured the game. This game served as a test and gave the Coach a better idea of "Who was Who" in each position.

HEIGHTS 0 — CENTRAL 6

The date for the annual Heights-Central clash for the city championship was finally set for December 9. One of the novelties was the cheering and field display contest staged by the two student bodies; a loving cup was awarded by the Houston Post to Central for winning the most points.

The Heights team had a poor start, and Central scored in the first quarter; this was a spur to Heights and neither side could gain an advantage. In the last quarter Heights and Central baffled; however, costly fumbles made Heights unable to score. Great credit was given to the Heights boys for clean sportsmanship. The Heights back field men, Marmion, Tidmore, Golden, Ogg and Robertson, covered themselves with glory; Stampp at right end stopped the attacks; and the whole Heights line played in good form.

Fully seven thousand people attended the game.



T
P
L
A



J. W. DAIN
Coach



HATTIE GENE STEDMAN
Sponsor



ALTON PARKER
Yell Leader



ADELL WHITE
Mascot

ECHARDT, ABERCROMBIE—"ECK"

(Left Halfback)

Echardt was captain of the 1922 team, and proved himself a capable leader of his men. He was always encouraging his teammates to their utmost, and because of this quality became the fighting spirit of the whole team. "Eck" was speedy, and was most valuable to the team in carrying the ball around ends. He will be with us again next year and will prove a more valuable man than in his two previous years.

J. B. MARMION—"Jay"

(Right Halfback)

When the time came for the selection of a Captain, J. B. was unanimously elected. He was chosen for his ability to lead men. "Jay" is a ten-second man and one of the most consistent players on the Heights team. J. B. was a terror to any opponent's line, and could frighten them equally as well in carrying the ball around ends. A better selection for Captain of the 1923 team could not have been made than this two year man.

RAYMOND SANDERS—"Wally"

(Guard)

This was "Wally's" first season with us. Although "Wally" was handicapped because of inexperience, he helped where he was needed most, and played a hard, consistent game. He was a hard-charging Guard and showed up well for Heights in every game. "Wally" will be back again next season.

PAUL GOLDEN—"Pulley"

(Quarter Back)

Paul, a new man on the team, is another light man, but his lightness does not hinder him in his playing. "Pulley" is a man to be depended upon to do his part in any game, always fighting for Heights.





JACK OGG—"Jack"

(Full Back)

Jack, the new man from Sour Lake, is a very valuable acquisition. Jack did his best in everything, and did everything for the good of his team. He is another man who encouraged his men. Jack will be with us next year, and it is easy to guess what kind of playing he will do.

HENRY HENRICHSEN—"Jake"

(Tackle)

At the first of the season "Jake" was shifted from his regular position at Fullback to Tackle. This was a great setback to "Jake", but he worked all the harder to train himself for that position. Although "Jake" was no shining star, he demonstrated that he possessed the grit and courage that goes to make up a good football player. "Jake" will not be back next season as he graduates in June, 1923.

EDWIN TORIAN—"Tubby"

(Guard)

"Tubby" was our 195 pound Guard. He played a hard game and used his weight to good advantage in every play. "Tubby" was injured during the latter part of the season and was thereby unable to participate in some of the games, but, while he was playing, he put all that he had into the game.

NEIL ROGERS—"Spike"

(Quarterback-End)

"Spike" was handicapped to some extent by being shifted from his regular position at end, to quarterback. Whether playing at End, or as Quarterback, he always used his head to good advantage. Spike weighed 140 pounds and ran like lightning after receiving a forward pass, or getting the ball on a kick-off.

JOHN DURHAM—"Johnny"

(Right Tackle)

Johnny is the little 140 pound man who played right tackle and whose playing would be a credit to a 200 pound man. His playing on both offense and defense was characterized by consistency, hard fighting, and grit. This is "Bullet's" first year and there is much to be expected from him during his remaining years in school.

HARVEY FITE—"Fite"

(Tackle Guard)

Fite, a two year man, showed that his work on the team was characteristic of his name. He was a hard worker; always giving the best that was in him throughout the game and still fighting when the last whistle blew.

JAMES WEATHERFORD—"Red"

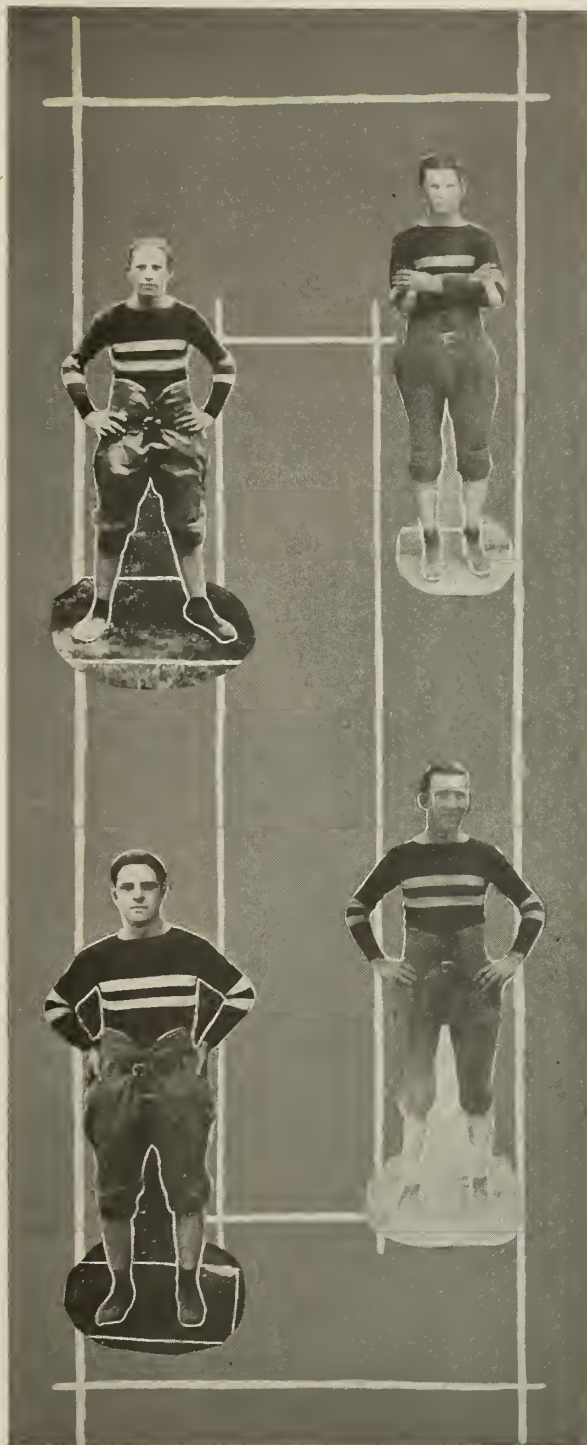
(Center)

"Red" Weatherford, our 157 pound Center, was one of the best in that position. "Red" was a very consistent player. On the offense, his passing was always accurate, and on the defense he showed up well, especially so when he ran sixty-two yards after intercepting a pass in the Central game. "Red" will be back next season to fight for Heights on the gridiron again.

EDWARD PRATHER—"Boliver"

(Left Tackle)

"Ed" is the only three year man that Heights had this year. Prather is a versatile man, being shifted from Guard to Tackle the first of the year, but his playing at this position was as consistent as it was at Tackle. "Ed" was the main stay of his side of the line, and his playing would equal almost any college player. This is Edward's last year.





AUSTIN HART—"Slunkey"
(Center Guard)

"Slunkey" played at the positions of Center and Guard. He was a valuable man on the offense, and by his playing in the Victoria game, proved that he was one of the best defensive Centers in the State. "Slunkey's" absence in the lineup next season will be felt.

CRETH HINES—"Runt"
(Left End)

Creth is one of the two best ends in the State; although this was his first year, he made good his position at end. His work is characterized by steady playing, always in the fight for the sake of the team. Creth can always be depended upon to perform his duties in every game. Creth will be on the line again next year, and his work will continue as it did the past season.

FLOYD HIGGINBOTHAM—"Higgie"
(Guard-Tackle)

"Higgie" was our 203 pound Guard-Tackle, and came as new material from La Porte. He was a valuable man on the line and was a star in the South Park game, when he broke through the line at will and tackled the back field men for losses.

ADOLPH ROBERTSON—"Maggie"
(Half Back)

"Maggie" was one of our brightest stars this year. He came to us from Frost High School. We was a conscientious worker, a consistent ground gainer, and our most dependable punter. In the Lufkin game he crawled across the goal line for the winning touchdown after shaking off several tacklers. This was "Maggie's" first year, and to our great sorrow it is also his last. We are looking for great things from him next year in college.

ROBERT STAMPP—"Pep"
(Right End)

"Stampp, one of the two best Ends in the State, was a hard worker, and could be depended upon to do his part on defense or offense. "Pep" was a sure tackler and always turned in end runs. This is "Pep's" first year, and next year he will continue to be the consistent player that he proved to be this year.

ALTON TIDMORE—"Cap"
(Half Back - Quarter Back)

"Cap" was a man with brains. He proved this fact by the excellent way in which he directed the team while he was in action. His generalship was the sensation of the Central game. "Cap" will be back next season and is expected to star once more for Heights.

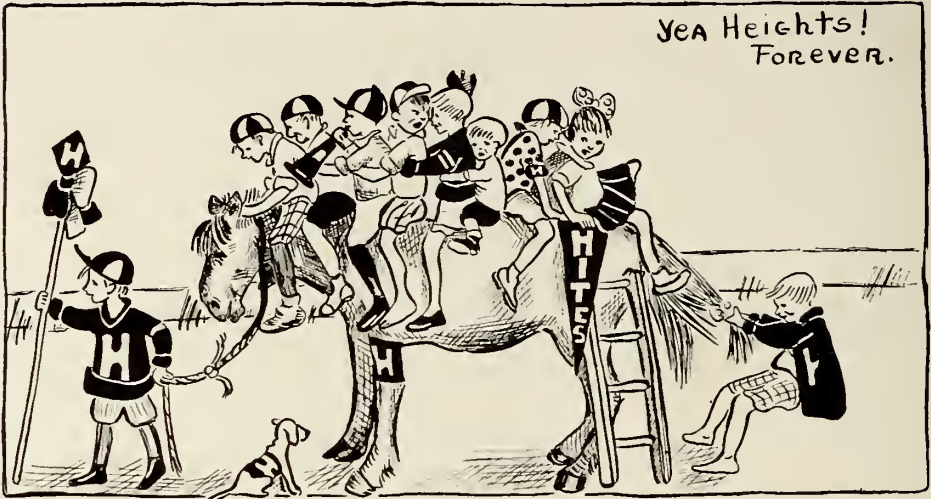
JAMES WARREN DAIN—"Jim"
(Coach)

"Jim" is our foot-ball coach. He transformed "beef" into "brawn", and made the Heights team a strong line of men. He handles the team with experience and skill. His popularity with the players and the students is a strong test of his ability.

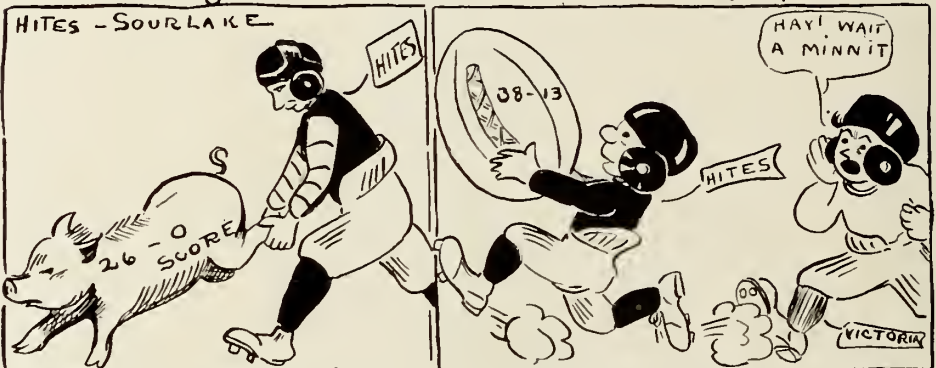
ALTON PARKER—"Pop"
(Yell Leader)

Alton came to us this year from Junior High, and was immediately elected yell-leader. He performed his duty faithfully, promoting most of our school spirit. He did great work at all of the games, especially at those with Central. "Pop" is one of the best yell leaders Heights has ever had, and we owe much to him. Peppy, Peppier, Peppiast exactly describes him.

Football-Flashes

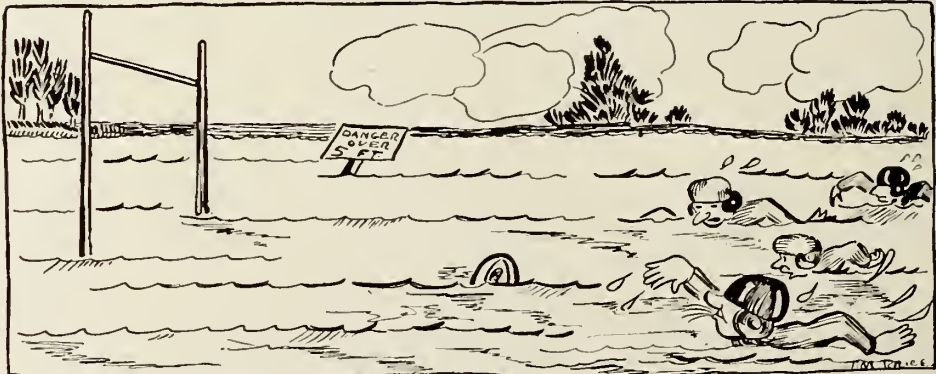


To The Heights-Central Game By Heck !!!



BRINGING HOME THE BACON

OUR RUN OFF --- !!!



Football-Practice In Rainy Weather!!!!

JOSIE M. PRILE
123

Review of Basketball

Season



The basket-ball team, with Carrol Cox, as captain, made a very good record this year. They won 14 games out of 21 games in spite of the handicap of not having an indoor court in which to practice. Among the important victories were Allen Academy, Ball High (Galveston), Beaumont, and the I. K. X., not to mention a 14 to 12 victory over Central.

Heights met Central three times this year; once we were victorious and twice defeated. The first game was a fair defeat, Central winning the game by a score of 10 to 8. The second was a decisive victory for Heights, 14 to 12. The third game, with a score of 11 to 6, gave Central the advantage.

BASKET-BALL RESULTS — SEASON 1923

December 22.....	Heights 13	La Porte 7
January 2.....	Heights 40	Christian 18
January 5.....	Heights 39	North Side 10
January 8.....	Heights 29	I. K. X. 12
January 10.....	Heights 22	Hustlers 10
January 19.....	Heights 20	Allen Academy 10
January 20.....	Heights 24	Allen Academy 12
January 22.....	Heights 22	Tex Bayless 7
January 26.....	Heights 9	Warren Easton 17
January 31.....	Heights 6	De Molay 15
February 2.....	Heights 13	Rice Fish 22
February 5.....	Heights 30	Hustlers 12
February 9.....	Heights 20	Allen Academy 9
February 13.....	Heights 8	Central 10
February 16.....	Heights 15	Ball High 23
February 20.....	Heights 14	Tex Bayless 5
February 23.....	Heights 18	Ball High 17
March 13.....	Heights 14	Central 12
March 16.....	Heights 22	Beaumont 18
March 20.....	Heights 6	Central 11
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337		275

CARROL COX—"Beautiful" The courageous captain was always found where there was the thickest fighting. He seemed to have conquered space, as he often sent the ball by "radio" half across the court. His generalship helped the team out of many tight places during the year, and his place will be hard to fill.

SEARLE LAWRENCE—"Farm"—Guard, was picked for the all city team. His defense of the Heights goal was almost like "Horatius at the Bridge", his motto being, "They shall not pass,"—and they seldom passed. Searle leaves this year and the man who takes the place of the mighty Lawrence must indeed be a wonder.

JAY BERTRAND—Center. Bertrand had comparatively few chances to display his stellar abilities this year. He watched the game carefully, and used good judgment in breaking up the enemies' plays. This wily player will bring home a lion's share of the laurels next year.

BOB STAMPP—"Pep". Our scrappy little forward is one of the mainsprings of the team. His middle name is speed, and one of his chief duties is to encourage the team. He plays a good game, defensive and offensive, and we have great hopes for Bob next year.

ALTON TIDMORE—"Cap"—Center. The dashing, hot-headed, insuppressable lithe center, often when the game was hanging in the balance, was able to furnish the necessary push to add the much-needed score. With his skill developed into a fine art, and his bruises turned into callouses, Tidmore will continue to cover himself with glory next year.

HENRY GRANT—"Hank"—Center. The "handy-man" of the team, could start in the middle of a game and play with skill and consistency. In several of the games he was a high point man. His ability to train, and his wonderful team work will make him a star next year.

DONALD LONGCOPE—"Donkey", our other forward, seems to have the basket "hoodooed," for, when he starts out, he always brings home a flock of goals. Some one has said that "Donkey" plays well because of great inspiration from the sidelines.

LAMAR MURRAY—"Mickey"—Guard. Mickey is a fast little player, whose skill in defending the goal is remarkable. His grit has carried him through many tough places, and his tireless efforts have resulted in many scores for Heights.

BASKET-BALL COACH

COACH ROSS CLARKE—"Out of Many-One." One out of many men,—one team is what Ross Clarke did. He took the Heights eight, taught them team work and basket-ball, and made one of the best city teams.





Intra Mural Track Meet

....

The seniors easily defeated the juniors and the sophomores in an intra mural track meet, staged on the local track. A loving cup was given to the winner and it now wears the Green and White.

Special colors were selected by the different classes for this occasion, the "Sophs" taking lavender and white, the Juniors old rose and silver, and the Seniors green and white.

Special yell-leaders were also appointed, and each led his class in yells and songs for his team.

Efforts were made by the "sophs" and the juniors to decorate, but these looked feeble when compared to the green and white senior caps, and the enormous amount of senior colors displayed.

The final score was as follows: seniors 47, juniors 39, and sophomores 22. The seniors took first place in 440 yard

dash, 50 yard dash, discus, and shot-put, and tied with juniors for first place in the pole vault; while the juniors stood first in 880 yard run, broad jump, high jump, and mile relay; Bruder and Lawrence took 100 yard and 220 yard dashes, and mile race for the sophomores. Bruce Hill, a senior, was the star of the event, with 15 points to his credit. Bruder, a sophomore, won second place by his 13 points.



CENTRAL-HEIGHTS TRACK MEET

Central carried off the track meet with Heights by a majority of 68 to 17 points. For some unaccountable reason, Heights failed to keep up her usual standard, and was consequently defeated. Bruce Hill took first place in shot-put with a distance of 36-8¾ to his credit.

ANNUAL MUNICIPAL TRACK MEET

Heights with 30 points carried off the honors of the Municipal meet, taking all the cups offered for the senior events. J. B. Marmion, high point man, was the star of the meet, making a great come-back from his recent illness by winning the century in 10 seconds, and the furlong in 22.4 seconds. Ray Lawrence proved his sportsmanship by giving Gene Farren second place in the mile, after defeating Brunson by a good margin in the half.

The relay furnished the fireworks of the meet. At times it looked as if Central would come out ahead, but Heights gained on them slowly but surely. Lawrence gave Kays a five foot lead at the beginning of the last lap; then Kays cinched things by negotiating the quarter in 52 seconds. This is the second time Heights has won the relay cup. The next time Heights wins the cup it becomes our permanent property.

Those who took places in the meet were:

Marmion—1st. 100—1st 220.
Lawrence—1st. 880-3rd mile (Relay)
Rogers—1st. 440. (Relay)
Farren—2nd. Mile—3rd. 880.
Bruder—2nd. 440.
Kays—3rd Broad-Jump (Relay).
Hill—3rd. Shot Put.
Crammond—(Relay).

DISTRICT TRACK MEET

Heights took third place in the District track meet, held at Rice field April 20 and 21. We entered six men, who made a total of 22 5-6 points. As all the men took first and second places, they will go to the state meet at Austin. The honors won were as follows:

100 Yard Dash.....	Bill Bruder	4th place
220 Yard Dash.....	Bill Bruder	1st place
440 Yard Dash.....	Earl Kays	2nd place
880 Yard Run.....	Ray Lawrence	2nd place
880 Yard Run.....	Neil Rogers	3rd place
1 Mile Run.....	Ray Lawrence	2nd place
220 Low Hurdles.....	Bruce Hill (tie)	3rd place
Relay.....	Heights 2nd-Team	
(Ray Lawrence, Kenneth Crammond, Bruce Hill, Neil Rogers)		
High Jump.....	Earl Kays (tie)	4th

INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK MEET

At the invitation of Rice Institute eight states were represented in the track meet held on Rice Athletic field, April 27 and 28. Although Heights was not first, she was far from last. The relay team: Neil Rogers, Kenneth Crammond, Ray Lawrence, Earl Kays, ran away with the trophy, a beautiful loving cup.

Creth Hines broke all former records in javelin throwing by a distance of 153 feet and 1 inch. Ray Lawrence made a good showing in the mile and half mile runs, while Bruce Hill took second place in the low hurdles.



CRETH HINES

Creth Hines is the special javelin thrower. He has easily the record in the school, but has not as yet, had a very good opportunity to display his abilities.

KENNETH CRAMMOND

Kenneth Crammond is one of the best on the relay team. He gains ground slowly but surely, and is a valuable asset to the team.

NEIL ROGERS

Neil Rogers, Spike, is a wiry little racer who does his best on every occasion. Everybody knows that there will be a real race when he comes on the track. This is Neil's last year, and we lose a dependable track man.

BRUCE HILL

Bruce Hill has no regular nickname; so we'll call him "Old reliable". When competition is keen, he either wins or makes the winner strain for the last inch.

EARL KAYS

Earl Kays seems to be our "Jumping Jack", for he excels in jumping. Not in jumping alone, but in running, has he made a place for himself, which will not be easily filled when he leaves this year.

J. B. MARMION—"Jay" (Captain)

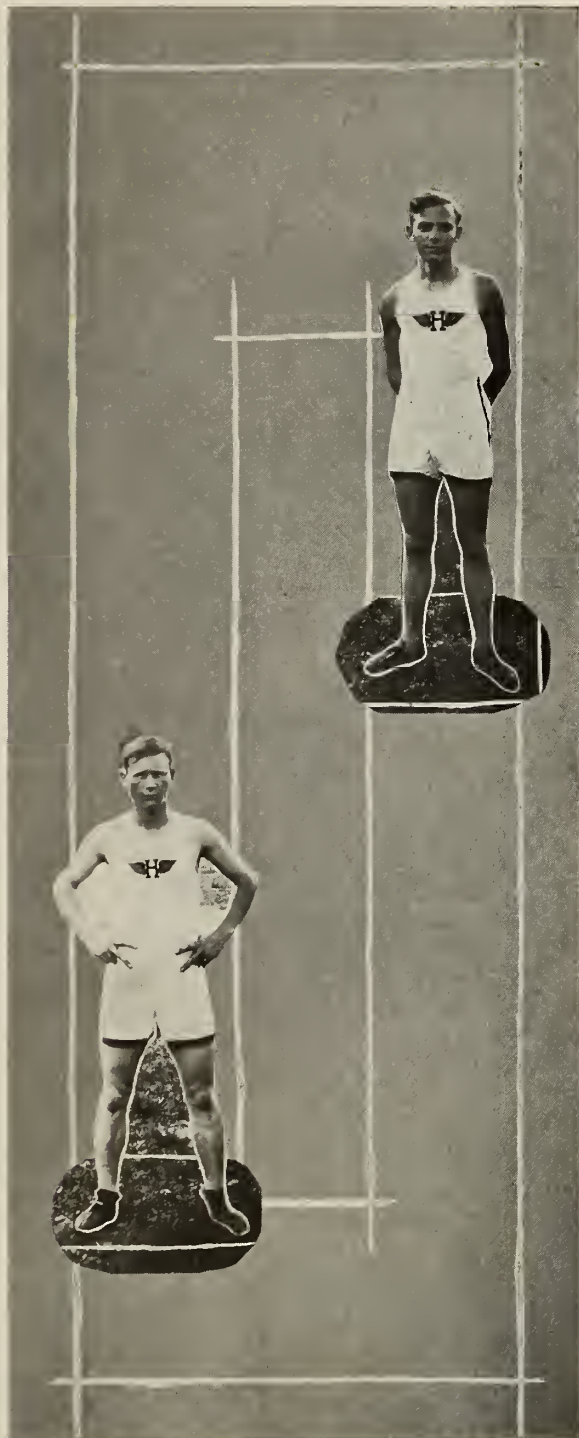
J. B. could not train this year because of illness at the beginning of the season. This was a very great blow to the Heights team, but J. B. will be with us next year.

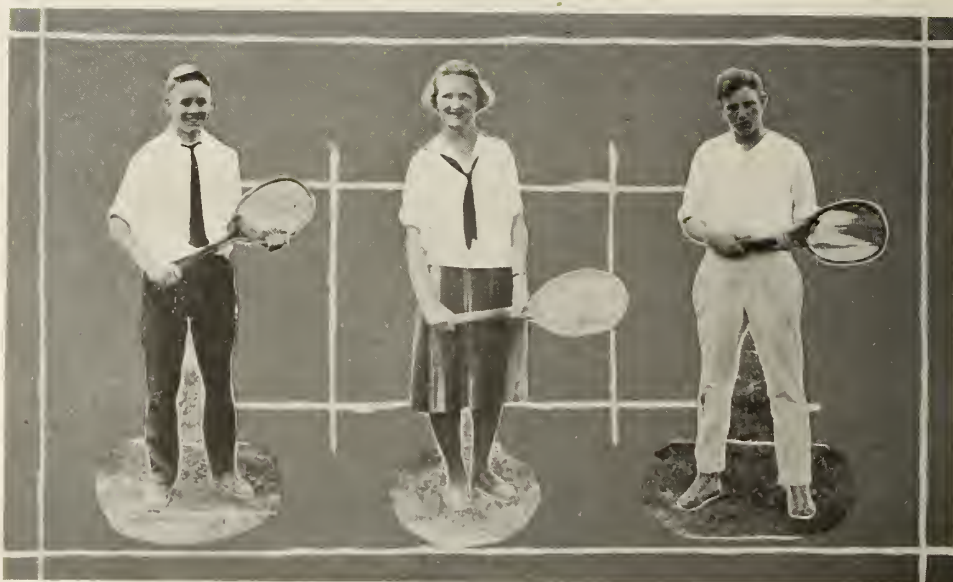
RAY LAWRENCE

Ray Lawrence is not only fast, but tireless. If he did start an endurance dance, he would never quit. He runs the mile, the 880, and the relay in the same afternoon.

WILLIE BRUDER

Willie Bruder, Bill, is our fast man. If his opponent is fast, he is just a little faster. While it seems impossible, yet "day by day in every way" he gets faster and faster.





PHILIP BARBER

EVANGELINE HAYDEN

DONALD LONGCOPE

Tennis Tournament



HEIGHTS - CENTRAL MEET

Heights defeated Central in a tennis match, out playing them in every match but the girls doubles.

Longcope and Barber defeated Central in 3 out of 6 sets.

The Central girls defeated Hattie Gene Stedman and Evangeline Hayden in both sets, while Evangeline defeated Fitch of Central in two sets.

DISTRICT MEET

Heights came out at the big end of the district tennis meet. Evangeline Hayden won the city championship, but lost the district to Freeport.

Donald Longcope and Philip Barber won the city and District championship. The scores were as follows:

PRELIMINARY		SEMI-FINALS	
Heights 6-0	La Porte 6-2	Heights 6-2	Freeport 6-3
FINALS			
Heights 6-1	Palacious 6-3		





Girls Indoor Baseball

Under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. a girls indoor team was organized at the beginning of the baseball season. They had a short but very successful season, and much valuable material was developed for next year; by the end of the season five games were played. The team included:

Lurline Gentry.....	Captain, Coach, Catcher
Dorothy Shannon.....	Pitcher
Bernice Blackshear.....	First Base
Martha Dossman.....	Second Base
Ruth Gibbs.....	Third Base
Mildred Cronan.....	Left Shortstop
Margaret Cooper.....	Right Shortstop
Eulalie Holt.....	Left Field
Evangeline Hayden.....	Right Field
Ada Warwick.....	Center Field



Review of the Baseball Season

▼

The weather man intended to keep baseball out of the calendar. But in spite of rain and mud and lack of practice our "Reliable Dane" brought out a team that made a good showing.

Seven games were played, two with St. Mary's, two with Central, one with La Porte, one with the Rice Freshmen and one with Heights Junior. We won games from St. Mary's, Rice Freshmen and played La Porte an 8 to 8 tie. Our pitchers against Central were Hill and Wimberly, against Rice Freshmen, Weatherford; St. Mary's, Greer and Hill; Heights Junior, all—everybody had his try-out.

These men defended our pennant, "Hold 'em" Austin, "Right There" Cox; "Sky-Scraper" Dosman; "Up-and-Coming" Funk; "Three Base" Golden; "Put-Em-Out" Greer; "Daisy Cutter" Grant; "South Paw" Hill; "Grab Em" Hines; "Fast-fielder" Phelps; "Home Run" Stamp; "Take-a-base" Tidmore; "Wind-em-up" Weatherford; "Whack Em" Wimberly; and when everything looked bad and the grim "goose egg", like an un-wanted chaperone, seemed ready to settle, Grant or Dosman would send a "Sky-scraper" into the tall weeds in which case Hill or Greer or Stamp would bring in the much needed run.

The La Porte game was the high light of the season; everybody had a chance to star, and each man took his turn most gracefully. Careful management, phenomenal pitching, Golden's "three bagger", and team work almost turned the tide of a very close game. It only required a little luck; but on that particular day some one had forgotten the "rabbit foot." Without winning the actual "ninth" score everybody played so well that it remained a moral victory.

Heights in the field—Hill on the mound—Austin in the "mummy suit"—Play Ball; Strike one; strike two; Batter out—strike one; strike two; batter out—strike one; strike two; batter out. Heights bats—Greer with the stick—Ball one; strike one; safe on first. Hines at bat—Foul ball; ball one; strike one; safe on first. Wimberly with the stick—ball one. Three men on bases—Dosman at bat—ball one; strike; fair ball—chalk up three scores.



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Haste makes waste.....	Mr. Sells
Everybody's friend.....	Mrs. Countryman

* * *

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

A month without giving us three to five pop tests—Miss Williamson.

A football game when he would be forbidden to play—J. B. Marmion.

A day without seeing Bessie.—Eugene Farren.

A week without a couple of dozen letters from Clyde.—Nellie Welsh.

A history outline on time.—Josie Mae Price.

A week in a place with only a crowd of girls for company.—John Palmer.

A meeting of the Senior Class when he can not lose his temper.—Bill Morgan.

A staff meeting he can not attend.—Earl Kays.

* * *

Emily (writing up chemistry experiment)—"And then we add a pinch of water."

* * *

Miss Dukes (to Bruce, who is delivering an oral theme)—"Bruce why don't you speak loud enough for us to hear you?"

Bruce—"I got in the habit of talking low when I took Latin from Miss Harris so she couldn't hear me."

* * *

Miss Dukes (excited after reading a telegram)—"Oh! I am so thrilled I cannot teach another minute this period."

Chas. Wimberly—"Please phone the telegraph office and have them send Mrs. Walton one."

Slunkey had but little luck,
For he was out to shoot a duck.
He shot a farmer's cow instead,
Worth 200 bucks, the farmer said.

* * *

Edward Prather:—This floor sure is slippery; it's hard to keep
on your feet.

Shirley Keaton:—Oh, then you were really trying to keep on my
feet; I thought it was purely accidental.

* * *

If a girl does not leave you out when you come late for a date,
don't kid yourself; she probably doesn't care enough to bother.

* * *

Harvey Fite—Can you take a joke?
Bessie—Are you proposing?

* * *

Miss Ferguson—We will now run over the lesson.
Earl Edgley—Honk! Honk!

* * *

AS HEARD AT VANDYKE'S

Photographer—Do you want a large or small picture?
Harold—A small one.
Photographer—Well, then close your mouth.

* * *

Nedra—Mr. Sells, what would you advise me to do when I finish
school?

Mr. Sells—Get married.

Nedra—Well, advise some of the boys too.

* * *

Tubby—Have you seen my belt around the building?

Mr. Waltrip—No, I didn't know it would reach around the
building.

* * *

"ECHOES FROM THE LIBRARY"

"What's the shortest book here?

Why can't I report on 'The Sheik'?

Lend me your book list, I lost mine.

Is 'Franklin's Biography' in?

Who wrote Milton's 'Paradise Lost'?

Give me a couple of back Digests.

Aw, I lost my card.

Mine's for Miss Williamson, for whom is yours?"

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Miss Williamson—"Harry, why did I see nothing on the test paper you handed in yesterday?"

Harry Kissel—"Oh! I wrote it in blank verse."

* * *

Mary Joe—"Why don't you go to the dance?"

Louise—"Well, I'd have good company, but I never could dance with myself."

* * *

When Milton married the third time, he wrote "Paradise Lost."

* * *

He was teaching her arithmetic,
He said it was his mission.
He kissed her and, he kissed her twice
And said, "Now that's addition."

And as he added smack and smack,
In silent satisfaction,
She timidly gave him one back
And said, "Now that's subtraction."

Then he kissed her, and she kissed him
Without exclamation.
They both together said
"Now that's multiplication."

But dad appeared upon the scene,
And snorted with derision.
He kicked poor Willie half a mile
And said, "That's long division."

* * *

Lurline—"It's all over the school.

Alice Golden (scandalized)—"What is?"

Lurline—"The roof."

* * *

1st Speaker—"Nellie got a telegram yesterday."

2nd Speaker—"Really! What did it say?"

1st Speaker—"Nose broken in a fight. Shall I have it set Greek, Roman, or otherwise? Wire at once. Clyde Melton."

* * *

We wonder what would happen if Miss E. Dukes should give one real good ha! ha! ???

If Mrs. McLeod were seen using an abominable powder puff?

If Miss Williamson kept us in the allotted two hours?

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In dean's office, there were whispering, talking, and muffled laughing. To quiet the students, someone yelled out, "Silence in dean's office; the monkey wants the floor." Stewart Boyle jumped up like lightning.

* * *

Our students making announcements seem to need some coaching. Alton Parker says, "Rudolph Coles will sing for the Hi-Y Vaudeville, and another young lady will assist him." Durward Witte asks the students for humor gathered from classes and the school campus. He closes by saying, "And if anyone knows anything, please write it on paper and hand it to me."

* * *

A prize will be offered for the best short story submitted to the Annual. Harry Kissel is thinking of writing a "Biography of Elizabeth Dukes," but she is discouraging him. She says it will possibly be too varied and long.

* * *

Miss Ferguson—"What do you get in division?"

Class—"A Quotient!"

Harvey—"I always get less."

* * *

Miss Ferguson—"Bruce, what was the first thing you did in order to solve this problem?"

Bruce—"I wrote it down."

* * *

When I was but a Freshman
And wandered round the school,
I used to think a Senior
The noblest work of God.

I've since grown somewhat older,
And my opinion is;
That my opinion of him then
Was just the same as his.

* * *

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your bobbed hair grow?
With curling irons,
And little rags,
All plaited in a row.

* * *

H. G. S.—"Miss Dukes, how do you say had visited in Latin?"

Hazel—"Adeo."

Miss Marshall—"Oh! that means 'go to!'"

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A STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY

(With apologies to "Mr. Hamlet.")

To study, or not to study,—that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The flings and arrows of outraged Miss Dukes,
Or to put your thoughts against a host of studies,
And by forgetting end them?—to flunk, to pass:
No more: and by a flunk to say we end
The headache and the thousand natural
Shocks the Stude is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished—to cram—to stuff:
To sleep! Perchance to dream. Ay there's the Nightmare;
For in that dreadful sleep of night what forms may come,
When we have shoveled down this awful grub.
Must give us pause; there's the result
That comes of studying too short a time,
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The wasted time, "Miss Williamson's "hobby,"
The pangs of conscience when a note book is delayed.
When we ourselves might our exit make:
By a single zero: who'd these burdens bear
To grunt and sweat over Latin verbs,
But that the dread of complete flunk
The undiscovered country from whose depths,
No traveler returns—puzzles the brain.
Makes us rather bear the grades we get
Than fly to others we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all
And "5s" of great pith and moment
By one test their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action—But soft you know
The fair Nymph, Mrs. Creekmore,
Will all our sins remember.

* * *

("Parable of the Senior Class")

Be hold, an instructor went forth to instruct and, when he had instructed, some "seniors" fell by the wayside, and worldly things came and devoured their thoughts.

Some fell among outlines and essays, where they had not much talent and, when mathematical problems sprung up, they gave up, for they had no depth of knowledge.

Some fell in the "lab" where chemicals, and gasses came up and choked them.

But others fell under the chronological care of Miss Williamson in history, and brought forth knowledge a hundred fold. (Amen.)

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THOSE STUDENTS

O, who were those students Heights used to see?
Examples of what we ought to be.
Whose fame through the years has been handed down,
And now has gained such great renown.
There have been students, the teachers say
Who always studied, both night and day:
Who knew their Spanish from end to end,
In seven days, or maybe ten.
Who never in Latin had made a mistake,
And never to classes had come in late.
Who always for everything had plenty of time,
And for their vacation, they never did pine.
O, who were those students of long ago,
But who were those students?
We would like to know.

* * *

Miss Carlton (explaining the possessive plural of words)—“If you were going to say the girl’s hat, you would spell it ‘g-u-r-l-’s.’”

* * *

Lamar Murray—“Did you break anything while you were at the skating rink to-night?”

Bessie Lewis—“No, I didn’t even fall down.”

* * *

(Carrol gets Music and Chemistry mixed)

Miss Dawson (Music instructor)—“Carroll, is your voice a base?”

Carrol Cox—“No, Ma’m, it’s an acid.”

* * *

Mr. Sells—“What is necessary for gas to expand?”

Harvey Fite—“Room.”

* * *

Miss Ferguson—“Charles, if you started to build a \$1000 house, and you only had \$700, what would you do?”

Chas. Wimberly—“Marry a girl with \$300.”

* * *

Miss Williamson—“Hattie Gene, tell us about Francis Bacon.”

H. G. Stedman—“I don’t know; we use ‘Swift’s Premium!’”

* * *

Many a girl who is as pretty as a picture is handicapped by an ugly frame of mind.

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your name, He writes—Not that you won or Lost—but
how you played the game.

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Miss Harris—"What is the Latin word **Hic** derived from?"
Harvey Fite—"Hooch."

* * *

Tubby fell down the steps.
Earl Kays—"Hey, Tubby, you dropped something!"
Tubby Torian—"Well, I'm going to pick it up."

* * *

Neil and Lillie had been occupying the porch swing later than usual on a moonlight night. From the nearby window her mother inquired, "Lillie, what are you doing up so late?" "Looking at the beautiful moon," she replied. "Well, it's 12 o'clock. You had better send the moon home."

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Miss Dawson—"Donald sing, 'My Bonnie.' "

Donald Longcope—"My bonnie flies over the ocean,
My bonnie flies over the sea.
But, somehow I've got a small notion
I'd want a good boat under me."

* * *

Miss Dukes—"Nellie, give us a sentence using fire works."

Nellie Welch—"Fire works to keep us warm."

* * *

He—"May I kiss your hand?"

She (removing her veil)—"I have on my gloves."

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Bruce Hill—"In arithmetical terms what is a kiss?"

Anna Mae McCarty—"Nothing divided by two."

* * *

Speaking of the bonfire, Mr. Waltrip said, "If any of you find a bunch of brush too big to drag in alone, go to Mrs. Creekmore."

* * *

Miss Ferguson—"Whose problem is that?"

Harvey—"That's mine."

Miss Ferguson—"I hate to keep picking on you, but I am trying to make a man of you."

Class—"Impossible!"

* * *

After speaking on a subject for ten minutes, Ross M. said, "Mrs. Dain, there wasn't much in that oral theme. I couldn't get much to say about it."

* * *

Carroll—"Did anyone comment on the way you drive your new car."

Hattie Gene—"Yes, one man made a brief remark, 'Twenty dollars and costs.'"

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Mrs. Niissle—"Ross M., were there many people killed in the Industrial Revolution?"

Ross M.—"There must have been; it was revolution and lots of battles were fought."

* * *

In the physical geography class test papers was the question: "Name the zones."

Answer—"There are two zones, masculine and feminine. The masculine is divided into the temperate and the intemperate; the feminine into the frigid and the torrid."

* * *

Senior—"It's easy to meet expenses these days."

Soph—"How so?"

Senior—"You run onto them every time you turn around."

* * *

Teacher—"You dirty boy! Why don't you wash your face? I can see what you had for breakfast this morning."

Boy—"What was it?"

Teacher—"Eggs."

Boy—"Wrong. That was yesterday morning."

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An Englishman and an American were walking from Bristol to Liverpool; after travelling several hours, they came to the forks of the road. There they noticed a sign board, also a blacksmith shop. On the signboard were these words: Bristol, 50 miles, Liverpool, 50 miles. If you can't read ask the blacksmith. The American, seeing the joke, began laughing, but the Englishman remained silent. The American turned to the Englishman and said, "I'll give you fare to Liverpool if you'll tell me the joke on that signboard." After thinking a while, the Englishman said, "Suppose the blacksmith wasn't at home?"

* * *

When a lady, who was "burning up the road", on the Heights Boulevard was overtaken by a traffic officer, and motioned to stop, she indignantly asked, "What do you want with me?"

"You were running forty miles an hour," answered the officer.

"Forty miles an hour! Why, officer, I haven't been out an hour," said the lady.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That's a new one on me."

* * *

Girl (with newspaper)—"It says here that men grow bald because of the intense activity of their brains."

Boy—"Exactly. And women have no whiskers because of the intense activity of their chins."

* * *

First flapper—"So you have broken your engagement! I suppose, of course, you returned that lovely ring."

Second flapper—"Well, no; that wouldn't be reasonable. While I no longer like Bruce, I admire that ring quite as much as ever, you see."

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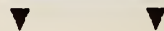
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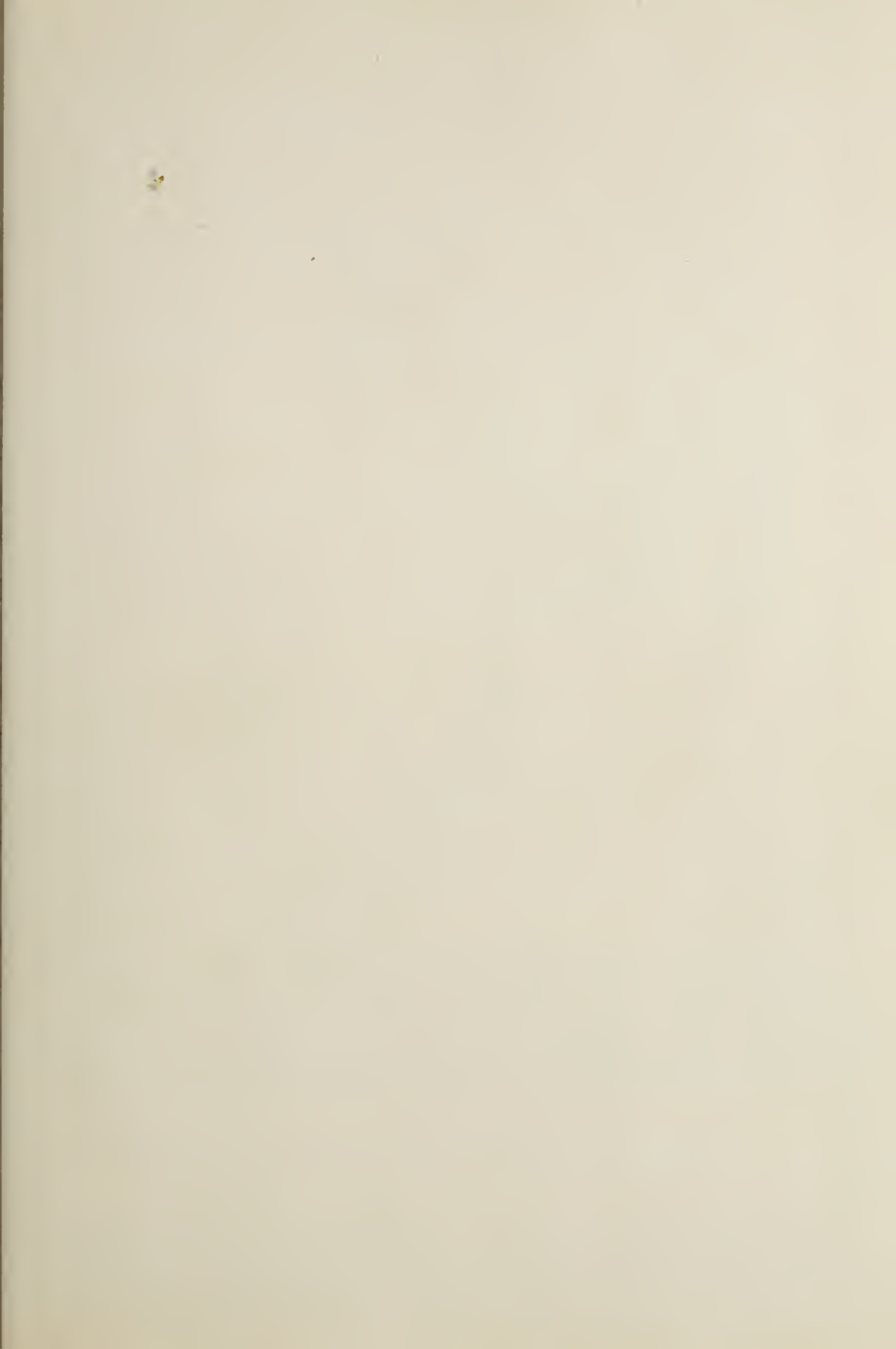
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